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THE EMPEROR'S LETTER.

IT is a great thing to be strong. No man so often escapes insult, and goes through the world so peacefully, as the strong, true man, who is able to punish aggression, and who never courts it. So with Great Britain. Lord Palmerston's patriotic speech, on the introduction of the scheme for the National Defences, has elicited a letter from the Emperor Napoleon, which might have been written long ago, but which was not written until Lord Palmerston's speech made it clear, alike to the most daring ambitions and to the obtusest intellects of the Continent, that the British nation was thoroughly in earnest in preparing for all contingencies of European warfare. It is no small triumph for any man to have extorted such a letter from such a potentate as the Emperor,—one of the most remarkable letters ever written, both for its matter and for its manner,—and which cannot fail to have a weighty influence upon the politics of our time. We present it *in extenso* :—

“ St. Cloud, 25th July, 1860.

“ MY DEAR PERSIGNY,—Affairs appear to me to be so complicated —thanks to the mistrust excited everywhere since the war in Italy —that I write to you in the hope that a conversation, in perfect frankness, with Lord Palmerston, will remedy the existing evil. Lord Palmerston knows me, and when I affirm a thing he will believe me. Well, you can tell him from me, in the most explicit manner, that since the Peace of Villafranca I have had but one thought, one object—to inaugurate a new era of peace, and to live on the best terms with all my neighbours, and especially with England. I had renounced Savoy and Nice; the extraordinary additions to Piedmont alone caused me to resume the desire to see re-united to France provinces essentially French. But it will be objected, ‘ You wish for peace, and you increase, immoderately, the military forces of France.’ I deny the fact, in every sense. My army and my fleet have in them nothing of a threatening character. My steam navy is even far from being adequate to our requirements, and the number of steamers does not nearly equal that of sailing-ships deemed necessary in the time of King Louis Philippe. I have 400,000 men under arms; but deduct from this amount 60,000 in Algeria, 6,000 at Rome, 8,000 in China, 20,000 gendarmes, the sick, and the new conscripts, and you will see—what is the truth—that my regiments are of smaller effective strength than during the preceding reign. The only addition to the army-list has been made by the creation of the Imperial Guard. Moreover, while wishing for peace, I desire also to organize the forces of the country on the best possible footing; for, if foreigners have only seen the bright side of the last war, I myself, close at hand, have witnessed the defects, and I wish to remedy them. Having said thus much, I have, since Villafranca, neither done, nor even thought anything which could alarm any one. When Lavalette started for Constantinople, the instructions which I gave him were confined to this—‘ Use every effort to maintain the *status quo*; the interest of France is that Turkey should live as long as possible.’

“ Now, then, occur the massacres in Syria; and it is asserted that I am very glad to find a new occasion of making a little war, or of playing a new part. Really, people give me credit for very little common sense. If I instantly proposed an expedition, it was because my feelings were those of the people which has put me at its head, and the intelligence from Syria transported me with indignation. My first thought, nevertheless, was to come to an

“ understanding with England. What other interest than that of humanity could induce me to send troops into that country? “ Could it be that the possession of it would increase my strength? “ Can I conceal from myself that Algeria, notwithstanding its future advantages, is a source of weakness to France, which for thirty years has devoted to it the purest of its blood and its gold? I said “ it, in 1852, at Bordeaux, and my opinion is still the same—‘ I have “ great conquests to make, but only in France. Her interior “ organization, her moral development, the increase of her resources, “ have still immense progress to make.’ There a field exists vast “ enough for my ambition, and sufficient to satisfy it.

“ It was difficult for me to come to an understanding with England on the subject of Central Italy, because I was bound by the Peace of Villafranca. As to Southern Italy, I am free from engagements, and I ask no better than a concert with England on this point, as on others; but, in Heaven's name, let the eminent men who are placed at the head of the English Government lay aside petty jealousies and unjust mistrusts.

“ Let us understand one another in good faith, like honest men as we are, and not like thieves who desire to cheat each other.

“ To sum up, this is my innermost thought. I desire that Italy should obtain peace, no matter how, but without foreign intervention; and that my troops should be able to quit Rome without compromising the security of the Pope. I could very much wish not to be obliged to undertake the Syrian expedition, and, in any case, not to undertake it alone: firstly, because it will be a great expense; and secondly, because I fear that this intervention may involve the Eastern question; but, on the other hand, I do not see how to resist public opinion in my country, which will never understand that we can leave unpunished, not only the massacre of Christians, but the burning of our consulates, the insult to our flag, and the pillage of the monasteries which were under our protection.

“ I have told you all I think, without disguising or omitting anything. Make what use you may think advisable of my letter.

“ Believe in my sincere friendship.

“ NAPOLEON.”

We thoroughly believe that the Emperor means exactly what he says,—that for the present he desires peace, that he is loyal to the British alliance, and that he sees in that alliance and in the consequent development of the vast internal resources of France, the surest support to his throne and dynasty. He knows England well, and understands the English people better, perhaps, than any living Frenchman, unless it be M. de Persigny; but we are nevertheless afraid that he cannot see or understand why and how it is, that since the Italian war, the English people have held it to be their imperative and immediate duty to arm themselves, and to defend their coasts and their soil against any and all comers. It is not Louis Napoleon Bonaparte the man, in whose word and in whose honesty the British people have ceased to feel confidence. On the contrary, they believe that as a man and a gentleman he is anxious to maintain and perpetuate the most amicable relations with them. But it is the Emperor Napoleon, the irresponsible military chief of an aspiring military nation, separated only by twenty-two miles of water from our shores, of whom they are distrustful. They know that the chief of an ambitious nation, which was defeated and humiliated in the last great European convulsion, may be compelled by the spirit of his army and his people to undertake projects which he might scout as a statesman, but accept as a soldier. They know,



moreover, that such power as he wields is not safe to its own possessor; that in undertaking all functions and all responsibilities, even to fixing the price of the poor man's loaf and the rich man's cigar, he overtasks human nature, and that the brain may give way under the pressure, as that of the Emperor Nicholas did when, on his sole responsibility, he undertook the dismemberment of the Turkish empire. Without disrespect to the Emperor, they feel that the system of government of which he is the representative, is neither stable in itself, nor safe as regards the nations which are geographically near to him, and they reckon it incumbent upon them to be prepared for the commotions, affecting all Europe, which must inevitably follow any break-out of the Imperial system beyond the line of the French frontiers. If England had been without 130,000 Volunteers, an increasing fleet, and a system of fortifications and defences to be immediately commenced, would Napoleon III. have written such a letter? Or would he have thought it worth his while to parley, through M. de Persigny, with Lord Palmerston and the British people?

We rejoice that the Emperor has written and published so excellent an epistle; but we rejoice to know, at the same time, that the scheme for the National Defences of Great Britain will not, in any way, be affected by it; that our navy will be placed on as effective a footing as if these great thoughts were still enshrouded in the secrecy of the imperial mind; and that not a single British Volunteer will abandon his drill or rifle, in consequence of the praiseworthy sentiments so tardily expressed.

THE SYRIAN AND TURKISH QUESTION.

THE letter of the Emperor of the French to M. de Persigny has not changed the aspect of the Eastern Question. The French Government, in direct terms, as well as through its recognised channels in the Press, is loud in the expression of its satisfaction at the view taken, both officially and popularly, in England, of the Syrian massacres. It is rather to our credit that there is no difficulty in luring the great British public, with the Government at its head, into any trap, so long as it is baited in such a manner as to appeal either to our humanitarian sentiments, our religious opinions, or our commercial interests. The Commercial Treaty, and the insults at different times offered to the Pope, were incidents in French diplomacy peculiarly gratifying to our national feelings; and now we are called upon in the name of humanity to "cut up" the Sultan; and our leading journals and our Foreign Minister do not hesitate to applaud the preliminary measures of the principal carver. The Emperor, in defiance of all treaty-rights, has resolved to invade the territory of a friendly Power with a force of 20,000 men, in spite of the earnest supplications of the Turkish Government to be allowed to manage its own affairs; and the British people and Government, so far from protesting against a measure not one whit more justifiable, morally, than the crossing of the Pruth by the armies of the Emperor Nicholas, announce the intention of partially co-operating with him. Did we do this with an army of 20,000 men also, we might compensate ourselves for the outrage to international law which it involves, by sharing the spoil. But we are either too innocent, too honest, or too timid for so decided a line of action; and, blinded to all questions of justice or policy by our sympathies, we assist the Emperor of the French in the development of that policy which was plotted at St. Petersburg not long since, and which is contained in a convention similar to that signed at Plombières, by which the fate of Turkey is settled, as that of Italy was, there. The existence of this convention has never been officially denied by the French Government; nay, more, the French Government could not deny, if they adhered to truth, that simultaneously with the outbreak planned by them in the Lebanon, and which has just terminated so disastrously to the Maronites, a rising of the Slavonic populations, instigated by Russian emissaries, was to have taken place in Serbia, Bosnia, and Montenegro. The Turkish Government, better informed with reference to the latter part of this arrangement than the former, although aware that 8,000 minie rifles had been forwarded by France to the Lebanon, despatched so large a share of its troops, many of them drawn from Syria, to the provinces, that it succeeded in keeping order there, at the sacrifice of leaving the Lebanon undefended. The consequence was that the Belgrade plot ended in a *fiasco*, and the Maronites, encouraged by the absence of troops, and relying upon their superior numbers, attacked the Druses sooner than was intended, and were massacred accordingly.

Let the public mark our words. The Slavonic rising is only postponed, and not renounced. The presence of European troops in Syria, and the humiliating treatment to which the Sultan's Government is now exposed, will encourage the populations of the provinces to such a degree, that we may safely prophesy an almost immediate outbreak. We shall then have a repetition of the old story of the creation of a Slavonic empire, to form a barrier to Russian aggression. A train of gunpowder to arrest the progress of a fire, would answer the purpose about as well. We seemed alive to this fact six years ago, and sent thousands of the bravest of our sons to be slaughtered in the Crimea in consequence. Either they were

uselessly sacrificed, or our present policy is fatally wrong. A more skilful diplomatist than the late open-hearted Emperor of Russia has planned this "crossing of the Pruth," and has gained our moral support, while he reserves to himself the material advantages. It is useless to appeal to the principle of non-intervention now in the affairs of Turkey. It is true that it is the only one which could save her, and the withdrawal of every foreign agent from the empire, from an ambassador to a vice-consul, might yet restore the "Sick Man" to health; but we have to deal with the question as we find it, and have ourselves interfered, and allowed others to interfere too much to venture upon resisting foreign intrigue in this manner, while we cannot counteract it. We made a treaty under pressure in 1856, admitting this radically bad principle, when we undertook to arrange the affairs of the Principalities. We have all along proceeded upon it, and there is no alternative but to look the disagreeable necessity boldly in the face, and take all we want of the Turkish empire, without a moment's delay. Either our Government should protest at once against the French expedition to Syria, or accompany it by one to Egypt of an equal force. There is a small political section of Turks in Constantinople who call themselves the "party of despair;" their view is to make the best possible bargain with the Russians [whom they regard as likely to be more easily satisfied than their professed friends], and to evacuate Europe altogether. It would not be a bad party for us to join, under the circumstances. We might yet appeal to the Christian religion which Russia is so fond of invoking, and beg her to return good for evil, and to remember us in the partition of the spoil.

If we expect to hold our own in this progressive age, we really must look about for an "oppressed nationality" somewhere, which we could monopolize. As no treaty made with a country which contains more than one nationality is held to be valid, there would be nothing immoral in it, according to the latest interpretation of international law. We would suggest the Jews, for instance, as a nation pretty widely scattered, and suffering considerable wrong under various governments. A Jew protectorate would open a wide door for our intervention, and would have the advantage of contributing a religious element, without which a thoroughly aggressive policy loses half its charm. A very long article appeared on Saturday last in the *Journal des Débats*, openly announcing the policy which the French Government intends to pursue in the East. "This policy is, as we know, very impartial, and thoroughly disinterested. It seeks to concentrate nationalities everywhere, to develop them, and to make states of them more or less dependent upon the Porte." Probably rather "less" than "more." The writer concludes by saying that France would prefer European co-operation in pursuance of this policy; "but if European concert becomes embarrassed and delayed, we are happy to know that France has decided upon acting alone, calling upon everybody, but waiting for no one, because, where blood flows, humanity cannot wait." In other words, whether the disorders are put down or not, there must be a French occupation; and to prevent any immediate pacific termination, only a few weeks ago the Maronites, at foreign instigation, refused to sign the treaty of peace with the Druses, and rejected the terms which the latter, at the instance of the Turkish Government, had offered them.

The "humanity" to which the Emperor alludes in his letter to M. de Persigny, and which, in the shape of 20,000 French soldiers, is about to sail for Syria, will cause far more blood to flow than if it "waited" altogether, and we shall soon have more massacres to record. Two years ago, when the Montenegrin Christians massacred and roasted Turks alive, neither France nor Great Britain had any sympathy with the victims. The Christian nations of the West can regard a roasted Turk with equanimity, but "humanity" cries aloud in behalf of a massacred Maronite. To a certain extent the British public are not to blame for this. They obtain their information through Greek sources, sometimes even descend for intelligence to the French newspapers—both thoroughly polluted channels. The Turks not being in the habit of reading the newspapers, much less corresponding with them, have no means of defending themselves. It would be an endless task to detail the various fabrications which are now going the round of the French papers, with reference to the Syrian massacres. That Abdel Kader is at the head of 3,000 Algerians is at this moment firmly believed, though how he came by his Algerians in Syria remains a mystery. Abdel Kader is to preside over one of the new nationalities, under French protection—that is understood to be settled. Indeed, we seem to be in a fair way of carrying out the programme sketched in "the Map of Europe in 1860." It is there proposed that the King of Hanover should preside at Constantinople: considering the black chaos which is likely to reign there, we could not have a better man. Our Government appears to have resigned itself to accept the new geographical arrangements to be imposed by the arbiter of the destinies of Europe. Indeed, our policy may for the moment be best defined by the word "resignation." Unfortunately, the day will come when Great Britain shall have but too much reason to regret that it did not, by a timely remonstrance, avert the calamities which a bloody and protracted struggle must sooner or later involve.

THE APPROACHING COLLAPSE OF THE EUROPEAN SYSTEM.

EUROPE, through all its length and breadth, has been haunted for years by a vague fear of some great approaching convulsion. Nobody seemed to know exactly what was wrong, or where the pent-up mischief would first explode; but every one saw the dark shadow that brooded over the Continent, and filled the minds of kings, emperors, and smaller potentates with undisguised alarm. Rulers, both temporal and spiritual, were at their wits' end to know what was best to do, or to leave undone. "They reeled to and fro, and staggered like drunken men," and had, waking as well as sleeping visions of vindictive multitudes clamouring for equality and fraternity, and repeating over again the ghastly spectacle of bygone days, when Liberty degenerated into lawlessness, and Terror became the great and sole Anarch of the world. With the exception of the fifteen halcyon years between the final overthrow of the first Napoleon and the enthronement of Louis Philippe as the *locum tenens* of the third, there has been no period during seventy years when the Continent has really been at peace with itself, or undisturbed by the fears and the omens of change. What are the reasons of this state of feeling? They are twofold. First, the approaching death of the long-ailing "sick man," and the fall of the Turkish power in Europe; and second, the unnatural system of military despotism under which the people of Europe all groan, with more or less of reason—except Great Britain, Belgium, Holland, Sweden, Portugal, Spain, and the Hanseatic towns of Germany.

The first of these difficulties broke out with virulence in 1853, when the Emperor of the French made his unwise claim upon the Sultan for the protectorate of the Holy Places of the Latin Church in Judea,—a claim that led to a similar proceeding on the part of the Emperor Nicholas for the protectorate of the Greek Holy Places, and consequently to the unhappy and bootless war in the Crimea. Europe has had no peace since peace was made at Paris after the taking of Sebastopol. The "sick man" has grown worse instead of better; and within the last few weeks a new sore has broken out in Syria between the Druses and the Maronites, which, if not very tenderly and skilfully treated will kill the patient outright. Friends and enemies seem, by an unhappy fatality, to be able to do nothing for the Sultan except to damage and weaken him. If they attack, they imperil him; if they support, they imperil him still further. He can neither be knocked down nor propped up, without injury to himself and his neighbours, and his empire has become so rotten—even while still alive and breathing—as to enable all the vultures of Europe to "nose" it from afar, and to whet their beaks in anticipation of the final partition of and feast upon the carcass.

This is the immediate evil that now threatens the world. The second evil is scarcely less imminent. All that is taking place on the Continent shows that the Printing Press and all the other great agencies of civilization are engaged at this moment in doing for the continental nations the work which they accomplished for Great Britain in the seventeenth century. France, Germany, Italy, and Austria, are a hundred years in arrear. Russia is still farther back in the gloom of antiquity. The Continent may have made as much progress in the various arts of life, and in all the external graces and adornments of civilization; but the principal nations have not attained that amount of constitutional liberty which was won for Englishmen by their forefathers in the days of Hampden and Cromwell. Old and effete forms of government are at war with a new civilization; and though there may at times be a truce between the combatants, there never can be peace until one or the other becomes the conqueror. Europe must either be governed by the strong and relentless hand of a military despotism, or it must achieve the civil and religious liberty of which England and the United States of America have set the example. The strife may appear to relax, from the exhaustion of the combatants; but it is as certain to be renewed as the sun that sets to-night is to reappear in our skies to-morrow.

It is a mistake for kings and emperors, popes and cardinals, diplomatists and generals, to imagine that the mighty Revolution inaugurated in 1789, and rolling over the Continent ever since that time with greater or less velocity, has run itself out. Its original force is not spent, and whirls it along with a rapidity which, though it seems slow to living men, will seem fast enough to the eyes of historians three hundred years hence. We, in our day, who live in the very midst of the commotion, are apt to mistake the apparent quietude of the axle on which we stand for the normal condition of the spokes and the tire, and all that lies between. But even the men of this living generation are startled at intervals by the roar of the great whirlwind. In 1847 the European world was asleep, and dreamed of no evil; but in 1848 it was aroused from its security, and made painfully aware that the Revolution was still running. The year 1852 gave Europe another startling shake, by replacing upon the throne of the first Napoleon the inheritor of his name, his principles, and his mission; and by taking up the real history of the French Revolution of 1789 at the point where it was cut asunder by Wellington and Blücher on the bloody field of Waterloo. Disguise it as we may, this, next to the condition of the Ottoman Empire, is the

real danger of the world at the present time. The knot has been re-tied, and the entanglement is worse than ever. The Emperor of the French—despot as he may be, *quoad* the people who elected him to power and who maintain him in it—is the representative of the Great Revolution of 1789; and his accession to the chieftainship of the French army and nation was as much a signal of liberty to Germany, Italy, and Austria, as the abdication of Louis Philippe. It is the misfortune of France to prefer military glory to domestic liberty; but that preference, though it adds another danger to the many which beset the continental sovereigns, in no wise tends to lessen the magnitude of the peril which they incur in resisting the righteous demands of their subjects. Far more than the dissatisfaction of France with the settlement of 1815—with her actual boundaries—and with herself generally—it is the dissatisfaction of the European people that affords perpetual aliment for the uneasiness which prevails in every part of the Continent, troubling the pillows of kings, and inspiring the multitudes with hopes of a deliverance—long promised and long withheld, but yet inevitable.

Napoleon III. uttered no idle boast when he said that if France was satisfied Europe might be at rest. The questions for kings and statesmen to consider are, whether France *can* be satisfied; and if she cannot, whether she can be again coerced and bound over to keep the peace. If neither of these things can be done, it surely behoves the several nations of Europe to consider whether there be not something so rotten and dangerous in their own internal condition, and in their relationship to each other, as to invest France with a factitious influence over them. If France has such power for mischief, the cause must lie in others as well as in herself. A maniac may run about the streets of a great city with a lighted torch, and do no great evil; but if he run about with it into the purlieus, and penetrate into the very recesses of gunpowder magazines and vaults of naphtha, there is no knowing what calamities he may not occasion. France is in this position. When she brandishes her lighted torch, the danger arises not so much from her behaviour as from the fact that all her neighbours, great and small, are proprietors of powder magazines, and that a spark may at any moment fall upon one of them, and set the whole in a blaze. And it is because the neighbours of France, powerless as they are to wrest the torch from her hands, obstinately persist in keeping combustible materials within reach of such a dangerous visitor, that quiet people live in constant dread of an explosion. But with a free and constitutional Italy, a free Germany, and a free Austria, France would take her proper place in the world. The dangerous ambition of her people, her army, and her Emperor, would have nothing to feed upon, and it would be of as little consequence to Europe whether she were satisfied as it is at the present moment whether Spain is contented with herself or her neighbours. The influence of France in Europe is paramount; and Europe never can repose until that influence is kept within legitimate boundaries. This great result is not to be obtained by coercion. The world foolishly thought it was in 1815; but in 1848 the dream was dispelled. As long as France is the representative of Revolution on the Continent—in other words, until the revolutions of Germany, Italy, and Austria complete themselves,—so long will the dictum of Napoleon III. be an absolute truth. There may be an occasional truce and cessation of hostilities, but the great struggle will continue to rage—sometimes between kings and their people, and sometimes between rival emperors and potentates. Great Britain, wiser than she was from 1789 to 1815, will hold aloof from the battle. Her business will be to throw the whole weight of her moral influence in favour of every king and every nation that desire to establish a government more in accordance with the spirit of a reading, thinking, and trading age, than a government of wasteful, savage, and unreasoning military power. Italy will be first to be free, and other nations will follow the lead. France herself, hopeless as her case now seems, will not escape the contagion of that liberty which she preaches but does not practise. And with true liberty and an increasing commerce, her thirst for military glory will disappear, and she will cease to be a trouble to herself or a danger to others.

THE MANAGEMENT OF PUBLIC COMPANIES.

EXCEPT as illustrations of the lives of remarkable criminals, it seems now rather late to inquire into the antecedents and connections of such men as Robson, Redpath, and Pullinger. To ascertain by what agency they obtained their responsible situations might throw light on their companions, but cannot alter the public opinion of their guilt. A cotemporary, however, has mentioned as "a singular thing," that the chief auditor of the Great Northern Railway never saw Redpath, though he was about the office for ten years; and this same gentleman was a director of the Union Bank, at which Redpath kept an account, and which Pullinger defrauded. We may, therefore, add as "a singular thing," disclaiming the idea of attaching blame to any parties, that the same solicitors were employed by all the three companies which were respectively plundered by Robson, Redpath, and Pullinger. Careless confidence is one

element of deceit, as unscrupulousness is the other. Violence and war are lessened—ultimately, it is hoped, to be annihilated—by armed resistance; in like manner, fraud can only be prevented by watchful suspicion, though irksome to generous minds. Our present intention, however, is less to urge on shareholders great caution, if they would be well served, than to call attention to the preventive machinery which honesty should employ to defeat fraud.

The number of persons interested as shareholders, and the amount of their property are immense, and both are continually augmenting. Only about thirty-four years have elapsed since the obstacles in the way of forming joint-stock companies were removed, and facilities to form them were given. Now share companies are numbered by hundreds. The joint-stock banks of London alone have a paid-up capital of £3,961,305, and are entrusted with deposits to the amount of £40,000,000. In railways at home nearly £400,000,000 are invested. In our colonies, and throughout the civilized world, joint-stock companies, for the management of railways and other purposes, are numerous. They are necessities of modern society, and constitute one of its most remarkable features. They are the means of accomplishing great and new works, and should diffuse the advantages of increasing wealth over the multitude, if they succeed, without inflicting injury on any of their component parts. Embracing vast interests, and being essential to progress, the public has seen with consternation the frauds by which they have been disgraced. Robson, Redpath, and Pullinger, whose united plunder amounts to nearly three-quarters of a million, have been matched by the Schuylers and others in the United States. Delinquencies so numerous almost cease to be regarded as shameful, and to save the system, means must be found to prevent the roguery.

It should be remembered that the continuance for a long period of restrictions on the formation of joint-stock companies prevented the public from gradually acquiring the knowledge and habits proper to form and manage them. When the success of the first railway hurried such companies into existence, neither shareholders nor directors were prepared to organize them judiciously, and the wonder is that they should have accomplished so much, not that examples of incapacity and fraud amongst them should have been numerous. As the rule, the shareholders chose for directors the persons chiefly instrumental in getting up a company, adding some gentlemen whose names and characters were public guarantees. These found their advantage in the success of the company, and almost nominal pay sufficed to remunerate them. The directors were at once so numerous as to destroy individual responsibility, and so poorly paid as to make retention of the office and attention to their duties a matter of indifference. Now that more knowledge is acquired, and companies can be regulated at leisure, the old system is continued. The directors are still too numerous, and not sufficiently well paid. It is necessary, therefore, to diminish the number of them, and by increasing their remuneration, secure efficient management for the vast interests embarked in joint-stock enterprise.

Conjoined, however, with this, there must be a complete change in the system of audit. The duties of the auditor should be continuous, and not capriciously exercised, as at present. It is impossible for shareholders to scrutinize all the accounts, but they can appoint an individual to perform this business for them, and to do so seems the most effectual way of escaping a Government audit, with which they have been threatened. A considerable number of persons have made themselves well acquainted with the working of joint-stock companies, and from them it would not be difficult for each company to elect an efficient auditor. He should be well paid, in proportion to the magnitude of the company, should be elected exclusively by the shareholders, and be removable by them; he should be responsible to them, and wholly independent of the directors. Such an officer, having no interest of any kind in mismanagement, would be a guarantee to the shareholders against it. He should have power to call them together whenever he pleased.

Companies have now an annual audit by professional accountants, with which the proposed auditor should not interfere. His audit should be continual from week to week, or even from day to day. He should have access to all the books of the company, and a seat at the board of directors; but he should have no right to interfere with the arrangements of the directors. They should continue, on their own responsibility, to give motion to the machine; but he should observe, and, for the satisfaction of the shareholders, should record its action. He would, as their representative, be present at the secret doings of the directors, and they would be secret no more. He would in no degree fetter their movements, but would keep them alive to their responsibility. He would connect shareholders and directors, and keep them in harmony. Not hampered by the cares and responsibilities of management, yet with full knowledge of all the company's affairs, and ready access to every book and document, it would hardly be possible that such an auditor could fail to detect the slightest irregularity. He would be responsible that there should be no shuffling between capital and revenue, and no cooking of accounts. Stopping laxity at head-quarters, he would prevent the infection from spreading through the whole body. He would make such frauds as issuing shares of a

company without authority, or forging entries in a pass-book, for a continuance, impossible. Present at every board meeting, requiring from every subordinate department a summary of its proceedings or a balance of its accounts week by week, he would stifle irregularities in their germ. His services should, we think, be equally acceptable to directors and shareholders, and if the presence of such an officer could not secure the success of an undertaking, it would prevent it from being a dishonest or disgraceful failure. In some of the continental companies there is already such an officer, but he is called an inspector. We should prefer making him a continual auditor, and he would be the safeguard of the company.

"JAVELIN-MEN."

THERE is lamentation in Staffordshire for the loss of "the javelin-men;" the high sheriffs of that county having determined to supply, by an equal number of active and efficient policemen, the place of those venerable servitors "in buckram," bearing spears, and clad in fantastic costume.

The abolition of these useless "javelin-men" is a sign of the practical spirit of the age, and of the popular determination to abolish all unmeaning sham. The world is sick of idle pageantry and make-believe, and will tolerate them no longer, especially if they cost money.

"Javelin-men," "being chosen for the prince's watch," like the followers of Dogberry, are to be found prowling about in every department of the state, and, from the favour they enjoy, they act with the prudence of "neighbour Seacole," "give God thanks, and make no boast of it." It was the "javelin-men" in high office who let a valiant army perish of cold, hunger, and sickness in the Crimea, because they did not know where fuel, food, and medicine were to be found. There is still a strong muster of "javelin-men" in the Admiralty, and they have proved their influential incapacity by rotten gun-boats, the appointment of crazy old admirals, and the frequent mutinies of men-of-war's crews. What a regiment of "javelin-men" exists in the Horse-Guards has been demonstrated by the Weedon Inquiry, the confusion of the military accounts, and the jobbing in soldiers' clothing.

The wholesome spirit displayed in 1832 cleared the House of Commons of the "javelin-men" who represented, not the people, but the "pocket boroughs" of a few plutocratic noble lords, and shattered the maces and other paraphernalia of hundreds of close corporations.

"The Black Rod" in the Lords is a "javelin-man." "The Sergeant-at-Arms" and "the Deputy Sergeant" are two barefaced "javelin-men." And then, if we look a little higher, what is to be said of "the Master of the Buckhounds," "the Gold Stick in Waiting," "the Silver Stick in Waiting," "the Lord Steward," "the Lord Chamberlain," "the Lords of the Bedchamber," "the Gentlemen in Waiting," "the Gentlemen at Large," "the Gentlemen Pensioners," "the State Trumpeters," "the Beef Eaters," and all the other parasites that gather and flourish around the throne? What are they all but so many "javelin-men?"

What were all our old Chancery, Ecclesiastical, and Law Courts, but nests of "javelin-men," in which offices without duties, and payments without services, were secured for generations of sinecurists and jobbers? What is my Lord Ellenborough—drawing between £7,000 and £8,000 for a sinecure in the Queen's Bench—but a flagrant "javelin-man?"

What is the London Corporation but a nest of "javelin-men?"—engaged in a struggle to retain its "javelin-men," its "men in armour," its luxurious feasts, its water parties, its "bridge" dinners, its self-elected guilds, their mysterious accounts, and their manifold mismanagement of "the Irish estates."

What was the Rev. Bryan King, just gone abroad for the benefit of St. George's-in-the-East, but a pertinacious "javelin-man," palming off upon the public other pet "javelin-men,"—the choristers in white surplices, with bells, flowers, wax candles, altar-cloths, and inharmonious chanting?

For what has Austria been wasting life, wealth, and reputation, but in the vain struggle to retain its Italian dominions, and those crowned "javelin-men," the princes and dukes of Tuscany, Parma, and Modena, upon the thrones they were unworthy to occupy?

And what is at this epoch the whole aim and object of the heroic Garibaldi, but to rid his beloved Italy, now and for evermore, of its effete and worthless "javelin-men," spies, police, Swiss mercenaries, Bourbon princes, king and kaiser?

It is a weary task—this war against the "javelin-men;" it is like battling with a Hydra; for no sooner is the head of one race of vipers sliced off by the sword of Reform, than the soil teems with a fresh brood. But though the task be weary, it is one in conformity with the feelings of the age, and must be gone on with until there is an end to all the Javelins.

SKETCHES FROM THE HOUSE.

BY THE SILENT MEMBER.

THIS has been a week of gossip—delightful gossip, abounding in Persigny-letters, Paper-duty defeats, Ministerial eventualities, and Fortification triumphs. Considering how near the Session draws to a close, the sanguine predict that we shall be prorogued in three weeks: we seldom get so many dishes of chat, and such exciting food for speculation. First and foremost, we have had to congratulate each other that our Noble Viscount has at last put a hook in the nose of Behemoth, and brought him to land. Whispers run round that Louis Napoleon and the descendant of Lord William Russell have not got along quite so well together since Louis Napoleon stole a march upon our Foreign Minister. It is also averred that the letter to Persigny was a sort of appeal to Lord John's chief, his *alter ego*, the other twin King of Brentford—as my witty and esteemed friend Leicester Vernon used to say. Then an M.P. remarks as very odd that our Noble Viscount has never fired point-blank at France before, and that the Prince Regent of Prussia has told Prince Albert something about that interview with Louis Napoleon at Baden-Baden which has alarmed certain illustrious personages for Uncle Leopold. Then we admire the dexterity with which, while meeting our Noble Viscount half way, and apparently dispensing with etiquette, Louis Napoleon takes shelter behind Persigny. Our Noble Viscount, we observe, is not invited to communicate his sentiments with equal frankness to Persigny's Imperial Master. Our Noble Viscount would have no *locus standi* if he sat down to write to the Emperor in reply. The Count was commissioned to show Louis Napoleon's letter to anybody who might wish to read it, and to our Noble Viscount first,—but it never ceases to be Louis Napoleon's letter to Count Persigny. In the midst of this admiration of the cleverness of our Imperial ally, walks in a safe and discreet member, who has walked down to the House with a Cabinet Minister, who imparts to him that our Noble Viscount has thought it civil to Louis Napoleon to impart to Count Persigny a very considerable "piece of his mind." We ask whether it resembled the Great Duke's direction to his secretary. "Tell him to be d—d, in civil French;" the "party" being in this case some Frenchman who had been guilty of an impertinence. We are told in reply that our Noble Viscount has not thought it right to assume this tone with the master of a hundred legions, but that he has taken occasion from the text afforded by the letter to Count Persigny, to give the Emperor Napoleon some good advice that will be the saving of him, his throne, and dynasty, if he only has the grace to follow it. Then the safe and discreet member, premising that he speaks without authority, declares that he should not wonder if Lord John Russell was fully privy to the Prince Regent's interview with the Emperor Francis Joseph at Töplitz, and that he has heard the Prince Regent was distinctly informed, before he left Berlin, of the views of the English Government, and the part it was prepared to take in certain given contingencies. Putting this and that together, I declare that Louis Napoleon is alarmed at the prospect of being left without an ally in Western Europe; that the Speaker, looking in the direction of our little knot, interposes with a cry of "Order;" and we discover that Mr. Horsman, who is on his legs, is looking at us with a vindictive scowl, and pretending that we are interrupting him.

I wish somebody would put down Horsman, for he is developing a great deal of turbulent rowdyism. After bullying everybody on the floor, he has put down his spiteful head and run at our clear, quiet, modest, *laissez aller*, indulgent, mild, undecided Speaker. Why didn't our Noble Viscount send him out as Head Pacifier of the Druses and Maronites, in place of Lord Dufferin? We used to think Horsman pretty good fun. He bores us now. All vinegar without any oil makes a villainous Parliamentary salad.

The Paper Duty is the other topic of the tea-room and the back benches. I told you last week how the "pairing" was going on. The divisions have dwindled down this week to houses of 70 and 80 members. But the Whips have made wild work of the "Pairs." Every member is commanded, on his allegiance, to be in town on Monday next. An ex-First Lord of the Admiralty tells a very good story of a Liberal member who went to our Noble Viscount and said, in a tone of alarm, "If you don't put down the Paper Duty debate for an early day, members will have left town, and Gladstone's resolution will be carried." Attempts are being made at a compromise and a "cross," and the story of fierce discussions in the Cabinet upon it is known to be untrue. But the mail-trains on Monday will bring a great many M.P.s to town who have gone down to the sea-side for a whiff of sea-air.

I like to read the leading article of an Irish editor, devoted, say, to Ribandism. An Orange journalist has pretensions, but for dash, vigour, extravagance—must I not also add rhodomontade?—I prefer the style of John Mitchell. The very last place in which *a priori* you would expect to find this kind of thing is the House of Commons. Smith O'Brien used to talk a mild cabbage-garden description of treason and disaffection; but of the school of vitriol and pikes he was but a feeble disciple. The atmosphere of St. Stephens was supposed to be fatal to the more rampant growth of the article. This belief, however, is only partially true. Mr. Spooner will tell you that we now and then get a real Irish leading article, served up hot, like a choice *morceau* at the Beefsteak Club, and unmercifully peppered into the bargain. Yes, we have an Irish editor among us, with a "fine face for a grievance," as Castlereagh said of the late Lord Durham, when the young Radical first took his seat.

Very curious it is to watch the mental process by which an Irish leading article is manufactured. The speaker begins rather quietly, but with a compressed scorn of the noble lord at the head of the Government that is rather disagreeable to witness. He warms with his subject. An insult has been offered to Ireland. How naturally he falls into the "intense style,"—the every phrase savours of exaggeration and hyperbole. The orator works himself up into a white heat, and soon literally foams at the mouth. His gesticulation is extravagant. He raises both fists to the skies,—then levels them at our Noble Viscount,—then clenches them, and points them at the floor. Carried away by this noble fervour, our Hibernian Demosthenes "says more in a week than he would stand in a month," as our sober Saxon saying hath it. His logic jumps by kangaroo leaps, which will land him presently into the treason of the cabbage-garden. "Shall I tell you the truth?" he demands, in the tone of a man who must deliver his soul if he dies for it. Does any man, who knows what an Irish leading article is, expect that the orator is going to speak the truth? "Shall I tell you the truth?" he reiterates, while some of his excited compatriots shout, "Hear, hear." When the leading article says, "Shall we tell the Noble Viscount the truth?" we know that the writer is about to outrage something that the Saxon mind peculiarly reverences. What particular shape of disloyalty and disaffection it may assume we may not be able to say, but we feel pretty sure the answer will reach the highest flight of extravagance. The Irish editor was true to his country and his pen. His "truth" turned out to be this,—that unless the Government would establish volunteer corps in Ireland, the Irish peasantry, if the French landed, "would not meet them as foes." There was a little sensation; but not much. There was a little lifting of wellbred eyebrows, a suppressed murmur, and a

curiosity to continue the study of the Irish editor through the upraised eyeglass, which was extremely suggestive of a fashionable crowd in the Zoological Gardens. The polite audience were as cool as cucumbers. They evidently didn't believe a word of the "truth," thus painfully kept back, and only disclosed to them under strong compulsion. They not only did not believe it themselves, but clearly did not believe that the orator believed it. I incline to think they were right. What we had heard was the inspiration of a heated fancy. We had seen an Irish leading article on the anvil. "Glass bottles, pikes, and vitriol!—shall we not flout and affront John Bull? Ay, that we will, if strong language can do it."

Yes, but strong language will not do it. Our Noble Viscount is just the man to deal with a speech or a leading article tinged with Ribandism; and he replies to our Irish Editor. The lightest kind of touch-and-go sarcasm, half reasoning, half ridicule, is the best regimen for this disorder. An Orange member would adopt the inflated, hyperbolic, hysterical style of reply, and hardly can Whiteside and his congeners restrain themselves from a whoop and a scream, and an episodic scene borrowed from Donnybrook. But our Noble Viscount knows that whipped syllabus ought not to be carved with a battle-axe. How thoroughly ashamed of his speech that fervid Hibernian patriot appears after three sentences!—how inexpressibly grateful he looks when our Noble Viscount assures him he could not really mean what he had asserted in the heat of debate! Wonderful to relate, George Hadfield "improved the occasion;" and, still more wonderful, did not in any material degree "exasperate his *h's*" while drawing his moral. Irishmen not meet foreign invaders as foes? Let them look round the world, and where would they find a monarch so deserving of their loyalty, respect, and affection as the gentle lady under whose sceptre it is their privilege and happiness to live? Bravo, Sheffield! "Tear-em" never said a better thing, and it was worth a dozen of his peg-top speeches.

The Irish members proposed, with more or less sincerity, that Orangemen and Ribandmen might safely be trusted with arms. English and Scotch members, on the other hand, almost to a man, declared in tea-room and smoking-room, that it was better to run the distant hazard of a French invasion, than the more certain and imminent danger of arming the peasantry of Ireland. The long Enfield cannot be accepted as the true peacemaker in that land of faction fights, landlordism, and religious disaffection. There is another point of difference between England and Ireland which, if I had not deliberately chosen the rôle of a Silent Member, I should have liked to point out. The Volunteer Corps in England are composed almost exclusively of the middle and upper classes. In Ireland, a middle class for the purposes of rifle corps can scarcely be said to exist. The picked artisans who have joined the volunteer movement in this country too, have few or no representatives in the Irish towns. The rifle corps of Ireland, to be available for the national defence, must consist of the "finest peasantry." Their bravery it would be absurd to dispute. But when they are told that an insult has been cast upon them, they may derive some consolation from reflecting that the working-men in English towns and the peasantry in our rural districts are no more armed for the defence of their native shores than themselves.

THE LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT.—OUR STREETS.

To the Editor of "The London Review."

SIR,—I soothe my irritated feelings by writing, not to *The Times*, but to "THE LONDON REVIEW." My sick wife is at the seaside. I am startled by a telegram, to go with the children at once, as she requires my presence immediately. I send for a cab, and in great distress of mind, lest she should be in urgent danger, I start for the railway terminus, having an hour left for a four-mile drive. Thanks to the celebrated sixpence-per-mile cab act, my driver chooses not to drive at a quicker pace than six miles an hour. I remonstrate—offer old fares—any money, to get on;—he points to the regulation card, and informs me "his oss cannot stand more than six mile an hour." At this rate, or a composition of five miles for six, I push on until I overtake two waggons, which stop my progress by occupying the width of the street; a single foot on each side of them or in the middle would enable me to pass—but no, the waggons look on at my distress with the coolest philosophy, and taunt my cabman with being in a hurry. Clear at last of this obstacle, I am again brought to a standstill by several carts, the drivers of which are regaling at taverns at the opposite sides of the street, while the space between is blocked by the truck of a costermonger, who is getting up a fight with a dog's-meat man.

It is part of the liberty of the subject to stop where he likes, to drink when he likes, and as long as he likes; you may fret and fume, and even curse and swear, but what avails it? The man has a right to stop and drink, and smoke, and fight, if need be. You have no redress.

By the aid of a policeman, who makes the costermonger clear the way, I am set free, and anxiously looking at my watch, I am consoled by finding that I have a good half-hour for the last two miles. No such thing; a party of gasmen have just commenced, at half-past three, to take up the pavement, in search of a leak in the main, the escape from which has poisoned the atmosphere around, and their tools and piles of paving leave just room for half a carriage to pass.

I must return, and go round by back-streets into another thoroughfare. Shortly after reaching it I am met by a board and a wisp of straw, showing that the street is broken up by the Metropolitan Board, or some local board under that powerful body. I turn again, and by side-ways and lanes, such as Love-lane and Maiden-lane, I am at last in the direct line for the station, being only stopped ten minutes by the labourers of a Water Company, who are just finishing repairs to the pipes. In desperation I drive over the broken pavement, and arrive at last at my destination.

"Is the railway gone?" I ask in a confused manner. "No, sir," says the porter. "Thank Heaven for that; but how is it that the door is shut?" Politely and smilingly the porter responds—"The train is gone, sir, but the railway is still here." I stand corrected; and emerge from the conveyance with my little ones and a few packages which I had hastily put up, and pay the promised extra fare for a rate of speed which, for five minutes, the cabman had maintained, and I sit down on a bench, with my weeping children around me, to wait two hours for the next train, and reflect upon the advantages of living under a Liberal Government, of reading long speeches with classical quotations, the object of which is to squeeze an income tax out of my already too scanty income. I think of our *early* police, and a system which allows every man to do as he likes, that the liberty of the subject may be maintained, and come to the conclusion that a little less of theory and a little more of the practice of common sense, would be better for the government of this great metropolis, as well as of the nation.

Yours truly,

A. SHINDY.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—ARRANGEMENTS for WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 11th.

MONDAY and TUESDAY, Open at Nine. Annual Great Popular Fête of the Odd Fellows on Tuesday; Great Fountains; Bands and Dancing in the Park; Athletic Sports and Pastimes, &c.

WEDNESDAY to FRIDAY, Open at Ten. Admission each day, One Shilling; children under twelve, Sixpence.

SATURDAY, Open at Ten, M^r. MANN'S THIRD ANNUAL CONCERT. Admission Half a Crown; Children One Shilling; Reserved Seats Half a Crown extra.

SUNDAY, Open at Half-past One, to Shareholders gratuitously, by Tickets.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Lessee, Mr. BUCKSTONE.

On MONDAY, and during the Week, the highly-successful Comedy, by Tom Taylor, Esq., of *THE OVERLAND ROUTE*. Characters by Messrs. Charles Mathews, Buckstone, Compton, Chippendale, Rogers, Clark; Mesdames Charles Mathews, Wilkins, Poynter, Griffiths, &c. The new Comedietta, entitled *HIS EXCELLENCY*. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews. And a Popular Farce.

NEW THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—Sole Proprietor and Manager,

Mr. B. WEBSTER.—Last Three Weeks of the popular Comic Actress Miss Julia Daly. On MONDAY and TUESDAY, the *HARVEST HOME* and *OUR FEMALE AMERICAN COUSIN*. Miss Julia Daly. On WEDNESDAY, August 8th, the Annual Benefit of Mr. B. Webster, when will be reproduced (for this night only) *JANET PRIDE*. Richard Pride (his original Character) Mr. B. Webster; and other Attractive Entertainments. Commence at Seven.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Lessee, MR. A. HARRIS.

Engagement of the Zouaves (founders of the Theatre at Inkermann during the Crimean War). On MONDAY, *HOME TRUTHS*, Mr. G. Melville, Miss Heath, &c.; *LES DEUX AVEUGLES*; *THE LOST LETTER*; *LA FILLE TERRIBLE*; to conclude with the *AM-BUSCADE AT INKERMANN*. TUESDAY, and during the week, *THE LADY OF LYONS*; Claude Melnotte, Mr. Melville; Pauline, Miss Heath.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. F. B. CHATTERTON.

On MONDAY, for the Benefit of Mr. Chatterton, *RICHELIEU*. Mr. Charles Dillon; *MAGIC TOYS*, Miss Lydia Thompson; *ROUGH DIAMOND*, Mr. J. Robins and Miss St. Cass. TUESDAY, and during the week, *THE LOVE CHASE*, and other Entertainments.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Lessee and Directress, Miss SWAN-

BOROUGH.—On MONDAY, and during the week, *A VOLUNTEER'S BALL*. Mr. J. Clark. After which, *OBSERVATION AND FLIRTATION*. Mr. W. H. Swanborough, Miss M. Oliver. With a Ballet Divertissement. Conclude with *THE MAID AND THE MAGPIE*. Miss Marie Wilton, Miss Oliver, &c.

ASTLEY'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.—Proprietor and Manager,

Mr. W. BATTY.—On MONDAY, and during the week, will be presented the splendid Hippodrama of *MAZEPPA AND THE WILD HORSE*, with entirely new and beautiful Scenery, Costly Costumes and Appointments, and an incomparable Routine of Cirque Wonders and Novelties.

ERRATUM.—In the paragraph (p. 77) in our last number, referring to the run of the *Leinster*, there was a typographical error as to the name of the builders. The correct name of the firm is Messrs. Joseph D'Aguilar, Samuda, & Co.

THE LONDON REVIEW

AND
WEEKLY JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1860.

THE great event of the week is the letter of the Emperor of the French, which we have printed in full elsewhere. It has produced a very favourable effect on the Funds. "By the more cautious part of the community, however," says *The Times* City article, "it is regarded simply as a move to counteract the speech of Lord Palmerston on the fortification question."

The Queen and Prince Consort take their departure for Balmoral on Monday next. The journey will be performed over night. Leaving King's Cross Station at nine o'clock on Monday evening, Her Majesty will review the Scottish Volunteers next day in the Queen's Park at Edinburgh. For this event preparations have been made on an extensive scale, and there can be little doubt that the demonstration will prove one of the most magnificent ever witnessed in Scotland. It has been stated at a meeting of the Edinburgh Town Council Committee appointed to make arrangements, that applications had been made for the accommodation of 13,475 Volunteers. Adding to these 2,000 belonging to Edinburgh and Leith, it is estimated that 16,000 Volunteers will be present.

Under the title of "Wimbledon," M. Albert Wessel, of Geneva, has published an account of the proceedings at the great rifle match. Three things, he says, disconcerted the Swiss champions, viz., the light Enfield rifle, the long ranges, and the want of any signal from the markers of the shots that missed the target. As the Swiss were obliged to use a new weapon, without previous trial, they lost three shots out of five before they could ascertain the right direction. "We have no experience," says M. Wessel, "of these singular matches, in which a target of six square feet becomes a point scarcely visible." The Swiss were highly pleased, however, with their reception, and hope to return next year with more experience of our long-range practice.

The subject of improvements in the mode of conducting Parliamentary business has been again referred to in both Houses. Lord Brougham, on Saturday, produced a series of resolutions, framed carefully by him in 1847, with the view of preventing the House of Commons from becoming "a mere place of talk and no work," and thereby obstructing all legislation and good government. On the following Wednesday, Mr. Ewart made his motions on the same subject, the last of them being that the Government should consider, in the ensuing recess, the best mode of expediting the business of the House, with the view of submitting this subject to a select committee in the ensuing session. Several members concurred with Mr. Ewart in thinking this step desirable, but there not being forty present, the motion fell to the ground.

Referring to a meeting held recently in Dublin, Colonel French, on Wednes-

day, moved for leave to bring in a bill to extend to Ireland all the powers conferred in England and Scotland to make rules and regulations for the enrolment of volunteer corps. Mr. Maguire said he spoke with a sense of responsibility when he declared that, after the speeches of Lord Palmerston and the Chief Secretary for Ireland, he would not be certain if the greater part of the population would not meet the English Government as foes! Lord Palmerston considered this a strange argument to induce the Government to put arms into the hands of the Irish people; and indignantly denied the aspersions which, in his zeal for oratorical display, Mr. Maguire had cast upon his countrymen. The House divided, and the result was a majority of 56 against the bill.

Mr. Bentinck, on Saturday, called the attention of the House to what he described as the necessity of conferring on Government more stringent powers of dealing with foreigners of suspicious character. Within this metropolis there were, he said, thousands of foreigners of the worst character—mere adventurers, who had been driven, in many cases by misconduct, from their own country, and who, not being very susceptible on the point of honour, would readily lend themselves to any proceeding for which they would be rewarded. In the event of an invasion, such men would be employed as spies, and some measures should be taken to deal with them. Sir G. Lewis did not think that any advantage would accrue from the Government having power to apprehend persons of this class,—very happily described by Lord Macaulay as men "suspected of being of a suspicious character." The great majority of foreigners resident in this country were peacefully pursuing different branches of trade and industry, and were political refugees who could not be suspected of much sympathy with their own Governments. He therefore thought no interference with them necessary.

While Mr. Bentinck was directing the attention of our Government to the subject of disreputable foreigners, no less a personage than the Dean of the Philosophical Faculty of Heidelberg, through a graduate of the same university resident in London, called, by a letter in *The Times*, the attention of the English public to a class of disreputable Englishmen, who pester the German universities with applications for degrees. The notion seems to have spread abroad in this country that the title of M.D. and Ph.D. are to be had at Bonn, Berlin, or Heidelberg, by persons who possess no qualifications for such a distinction. An M.C.S. of Edinburgh offers £5 for the degree of M.D. or Ph.D., he does not care which; a clergyman in the west of England sends "Sermons Published by Request" and a dissertation "On Original Sin," and begs the University to give him a title without examination, as his family is large and his means are small, and it may help him to preferment; while a pupil teacher in a national school offers from £8 to £10 for a degree which, to quote his own words, is certainly sufficient "for the use of a title which," as he knows, "is sold as an honour to Englishman." These applications are now received daily, and are not answered. There are, however, it appears, universities—those of Geissen, Jena, and Erlangen—which do confer degrees on payment of £10, and on production of a dissertation which the applicant asserts to be by himself. To guard the public against the professional quacks who make use of these degrees, the author of the letter proposes that a Registration Act, similar to the Medical Act, should be introduced into Parliament.

Lord Clyde, since his return from India, has been entertained at dinner by the United Service Club and the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers. On the latter occasion, Lord Brougham made an eloquent speech, on the present position of affairs, which elicited much enthusiasm. The English have long been accused by the French of being too susceptible about the "free labour" system, as it affected negroes, while they altogether overlooked its consequences as regards the Chinese. Official correspondence, respecting emigration from China, had just been laid before Parliament, which showed that these allegations were not without some basis of truth. Foreign vessels arriving at Canton and Whampoa, to engage and take on board emigrant labourers, have sought the assistance of native brokers, who, in their turn, have employed crimps, also Chinese, to collect coolies for them. So much was paid per head last year, for persons carried on board by force, or in a state of insensibility; and thirteen or fourteen times the amount so paid was obtained on reselling the "contract" at Havanna. Pondicherry and Mozambique are not the only places disgraced by a resuscitated slave-trade.

The meeting of the Prince Regent of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria at Toplitz has been attended with the best results, and there can be no doubt that the frank explanations which have passed between the two Governments as to their relative positions, and the accord come to with regard to the great European question, will be a fresh guarantee of the safety and integrity of Germany. "Austria," the semi-official *Preussische Zeitung* says, "will henceforth steadily follow the new policy, the adoption of which rendered the Toplitz interview possible." The Prince Regent has made his assistance turn upon the one condition of Austria engaging in internal reform, the German unity question not having been even mooted.

The official papers presented to Parliament in the end of last week give a connected narrative of the events which have happened in Syria since the insurrections commenced, from which it appears that the accounts which reached the newspapers through private channels had in no degree exaggerated the atrocity of the deeds perpetrated by the insurrectionists. It now appears that, so early as May last, the tribes of the Lebanon were in insurrection.

Even then assassinations were taking place daily, and yet the Turkish authorities used no efforts to restore the public peace. The Christians of the Lebanon addressed a memorial to Korsehed Pasha, complaining of the impunity with which these assassinations were committed, and more particularly adverting to the murder of several ecclesiastics which had then recently taken place. They reminded him that the Druses had not been punished for former outrages, and especially "for the horrible acts which Sheik Youssouf Abd-el-Melek ventured to commit last year in burning and sacking dwellings, and killing innocent Christians, without being called to account." Warnings from the European Consuls followed this memorial to the Pasha, and yet he took no steps to restrain the Druses. Accordingly, on the 1st of June, the English, French, and Austrian Consuls at Beyrout repaired to the camp of the Pasha, which was within an hour's distance of the town. He seems to have treated his visitors with true Turkish insolence, declaring that, if they would check the intrigues of the Christian bishops, and put a stop to the machinations of a pretended committee of Christians organized and sitting at Beyrout, he would be responsible for the Druses. On the following day, the capture of Deir-el-Kammar, the chief Maronite town, took place, without any attempt on the part of the Pasha to interfere or even to prevent the Turkish troops from taking part in the foray against the Christians. By the 9th of June the towns of Rasheya and Hasbeya were destroyed. "The male children," we now learn from an official reporter, "of six or eight years of age and upwards were sought out and killed, but the younger were spared." While these events were going forward, the European Consuls used every effort to induce the Turkish authorities to interfere, but in vain. "I repeatedly entreated the Pasha," says Mr. Brant, of Damascus, "to send out an escort to bring in the people of Rasheya and Hasbeya, but he heeded nothing, though he promised he would. He waited until the catastrophe was consummated, and then pleaded its being too late."

The magnificent city of Damascus lies, as we all know, near the scene of these events. It has often been described—and by no one better than by the eloquent author of "Tancred." Every one has heard that it is the richest and most magnificent city of the East. Every one has read of the beautiful and highly-cultivated country which surrounds it; of its rich corn-fields and olive-grounds; its gardens, avenues, canals, and rivers; its graceful poplars and sombre cypresses; its spacious streets and public buildings; and, above all, of its "five hundred palaces," magnificent beyond any private abodes elsewhere in the world. Travellers who speak without hyperbole, declare that the value of the furniture in one of these mansions often exceeds £25,000, and that even this sum does not include the ornaments and rich mosaics which adorn courts, terraces, and galleries. Damascus is situated in an oasis of the Syrian Desert. It lies amid extensive plains, the abode of wild Bedouins, and wilder and fiercer Kurds. The city itself is inhabited, besides, by an outcast population, of whose depth of degradation the dangerous classes of European towns can give no adequate idea. It was feared, then, that as matters stood, these dangerous classes—the restraints of law being removed—would take the opportunity of plundering the city. The greatest alarm began to prevail when the conduct of the Pasha was known. It was, of course, ascribed to that insane and ferocious thirst of blood by which the Eastern Christians believe their Turkish persecutors to be actuated. It was reported that he meant to stir up a tumult in Damascus; and that in the event of the Druses getting possession of the city, he would shut himself up in the castle, and leave the Christians to the mercy of their assailants. How these forebodings were realized is now fully told. On Sunday the 8th, a mob of Moslem lads were seen near the doors of the Christian churches, making crosses upon the walls in chalk, and then spitting at them. No notice was, however, taken of these attempts to stir up the Christian population. What was the surprise, then, of the inhabitants when these very lads were apprehended and sent in chains next day, to sweep the streets in the Christian quarter. A riot was at once excited by this display. At two o'clock in the afternoon 300 Moslems of the lowest class rushed into the Christian district of the city, calling out, "Slay the Christian dogs!" The work of plunder then began. Before evening the whole Christian quarter, including some of the finest palaces in the East, was in flames. As the Christians tried to escape they were met by the bayonets of the Turkish soldiery, and driven relentlessly back among the burning embers.

"A sober-minded Englishman," who was present, says, "all the last fearful night Turkish soldiers and Moslems, men, women, and children, continued to pass my door in an unbroken stream, all laden with spoil, drunk with blood and rapine, and all blaspheming the name of Christ." The mob continued to shout out, "Do not spare one Christian dog; burn their houses, plunder their goods, dishonour their wives, tear their children in pieces." Three thousand Christians took refuge in the castle, which was occupied by the Algerines under Abd-el-Kader, others sought refuge in the English consulate, which was not in the Christian quarter. The amount of property destroyed is estimated at more than a million sterling, while the number of victims is computed at from three to four thousand, but this may be an exaggerated statement. The terror which prevailed would not allow of its being verified. The Lazarist Sisters of Charity, and other women of Damascus, who had escaped had arrived in safety at Beyrout, under an escort furnished by Abd-el-Kader. There were 500 regulars in the garrison and several field-pieces at their disposal when the insurrection broke out, but they have remained throughout either inactive or hostile. The new governor of Damascus has arrived

with 1,200 soldiers; but on the 13th anarchy still reigned, and the massacres had not been stopped.

In this state of matters on the southern and Asiatic part of the Turkish empire, an insurrection of a similar character has broken out in the north-western provinces. Official intelligence has been received at Vienna on the 1st of August from Constantinople, that in Bulgaria and in the neighbouring provinces massacres of the Christians have been organized, and that the Porte had taken all necessary measures for arresting in the most efficacious manner these criminal attempts.

The last accounts from Constantinople state that there is a general alarm entertained in that city of a collision taking place between the soldiery and Christian population.

On the 17th of last month the Schismatic Armenians had risen *en masse* to prevent the burial of a Protestant Armenian in a cemetery to which they claimed exclusive right. The greatest dread was entertained that an outbreak would be the result. For two days the body had remained unburied, and a crowd of five hundred persons collected to oppose the funeral; but the authorities abstained from interference, dreading the consequences of a collision. Under these circumstances Sir Henry Bulwer repaired to the Grand Vizier, and subsequently to the Armenian Patriarch, and with their assistance the body was at last interred by the police, two hundred of whom were present. The latest telegrams describe matters as being still critical. Great precautionary measures, however, have been used. The bridges of Galata and Pera are raised every night. The Sisters of Charity have dismissed all their pupils; and several Christians have been waylaid in the streets, insulted, and beaten.

Important news has been received from Sicily since our last publication. Garibaldi has gained a decisive victory over the Neapolitan troops at Melazzo, in which he displayed more than even his wonted heroism, and received a wound in the foot, which is not, however, serious. He had entered into a military convention, under which the Neapolitans were to remain in possession of the forts of Syracuse, Agosto, and Messina, there being at the same time a complete cessation of hostilities. Letters from Naples state that Garibaldi has refused to conclude the armistice advised by King Victor Emmanuel, and had replied that he himself could alone judge concerning the real state of things in Sicily and Naples. He added, it is said, that he would not pause until the cause of national unity had triumphed. The disembarkation of Garibaldi on the mainland was expected daily at Naples, where no attempt was made to check demonstrations in his favour, a Naples paper having assumed the name of "*Garibaldi*." The city was quiet, but there was agitation in the provinces, and the Minister of the Interior had issued a circular authorizing the functionaries to use all exceptional means for maintaining public order. Garibaldi is said to have more than 20,000 Italians enlisted in his army, without counting Sicilians, and volunteers are every day flocking to his standard. He has, besides, three steamers of the Transatlantic Company at his disposal. The king has resolved to make a vigorous effort to oppose the invasion, but desertions are constantly taking place of persons who hold offices of trust in both the army and navy, and it is very evident that neither service will do battle with much heart against the invaders.

A preparatory meeting of the ambassadors of the great powers took place on Monday, on the invitation of the Turkish Ambassador, who wished to explain that if the Sultan authorized him to adhere to the convention, under certain conditions, it was only because he did not wish to be the cause of a conflict between France and England. The essential reserve which the Porte wished to make was, that before adopting the terms of the convention for regulating foreign intervention in Syria, mention should be made in it of the spontaneous desire of the Sultan to arrest the effusion of blood in Syria, and to accept the co-operation of his allies to that end. The convention having been greatly modified in consequence of this demand, the representatives will refer to their respective courts before definitively signing it. It has therefore been adjourned *sine die*, in order that all the ambassadors may be able in the mean time to receive full powers for the signature of the convention, which must necessarily precede the despatch of troops.

THE FIGHT AT MELAZZO.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

MELAZZO, July 21st.

On the morning of the 21st of July commenced the fiercest struggle which has yet taken place in Sicily. Seven thousand Neapolitan troops, chiefly Swiss and Bavarian, under Bosco—who has the reputation of being their fighting general,—had taken up their position in the fortress and town of Melazzo, distant about twenty-four miles from Messina, with the view of checking the advance of the columns, under Medici and Cosenz, in that direction.

Situated on a rocky peninsula, the position is admirably adapted for defence, especially against any land attack. Partial skirmishing had taken place for two days, when, on the evening of the 20th, Garibaldi arrived from Palermo, reviewed his 2,500 followers, and prepared to attack the town at dawn, in which a large portion of the Neapolitans had entrenched themselves; the remainder, with the guns of the fortress, which thoroughly command the town, offered a safe retreat. As for the wretched inhabitants, they were all huddled together on the extremity of the promontory—some under tents, others in the numerous caves on the seashore.

Malenchini commanded the extreme left, Medici and Cosenz the centre, the right being only composed of a few companies to prevent surprise in that direction. As for Garibaldi, he placed himself in the centre, rightly judging that there would be the hottest work. The fight commenced a short distance out of the town, where the Neapolitan advance-posts were well posted and sheltered by the many detached houses, walls, and large trees,—the former, individually, fortresses in the hands of resolute men,—against an enemy with nothing but musketry—for the Garibaldians had no artillery. Clearing the advance-posts, the right and centre found themselves opposed to about 6,000 men, whilst they did not number as many hundred, and, consequently, received a considerable check, and lost many men. Medici's horse was killed under him, and Cosenz hit in the neck.

Finding it almost impossible to advance farther under this murderous fire, Garibaldi then placed himself at the head of the Genoese Carbineers and his guides, and endeavoured to take the Neapolitans in flank; but here he found himself face to face with a masked battery, which opened on his small column at twenty paces, and nearly all the assailants were placed *hors de combat*. The sole of Garibaldi's boot being taken away by a cannon-ball, and his horse becoming utterly unmanageable, he abandoned it, and with his six unscattered followers he was driven back, but only to organize a more successful attack. He then ordered Colonel Dunn, commanding the Palermitan regiment, to make a flank attack on the battery, and, himself leading on foot, these *gamins* of Palermo took the guns with the bayonet, but not without considerable loss. The ground being a little more open, a squadron of Neapolitan cavalry endeavoured to retake the battery, and a temporary panic seizing these young soldiers, they cheered and rushed on, but finding themselves opposed to a double line of fire, they endeavoured to retire.

However, in the narrowest part, Garibaldi, with Missori, Statella, and half a dozen old Cacciatori, barred the way, though on foot. The General leapt at the bridle of the Neapolitan officer's horse, and parrying his blow, cut him down, wounding another. In this death-grapple revolvers did their work, and few of this handful of cavalry escaped. The Garibaldians, now gradually advancing, though every foot of ground was contested, worthily seconded their noble leader, ever in the thickest of the fray, and ultimately, with the bayonet, drove the enemy into the town. The Swiss and Bavarians made a good fight for it; but eventually had to yield to the extraordinary audacity and daring of the Garibaldians, of whom nearly every man seemed inspired by their chief.

Here the cannon of the fort came into play, and the scene of action was gradually transferred from the eastern side of the peninsula, where it had commenced, to the west, where the fort is situated. Here lay the *Takeri*, formerly *Veloci*, and Garibaldi temporarily transferred himself to her deck, to direct the fire of her sixty-pounders. Having succeeded in drawing the fire of the fort on the steamers, he immediately landed, and placing himself at the head of the valiant and battered remnant of troops, led a general attack on the town. Here house by house was disputed, and towards evening the Neapolitans were all driven into the castle, which was then invested by the Garibaldians, who in this hard fight, lost upwards of a fifth of their number—their killed and wounded amounting to nearly 600 men. One of the singular features of this combat was that the only Sicilian officer on either side was Bosco, who commanded the Neapolitan; Garibaldi's Palermitan regiment being officered by Englishmen and Piedmontese.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Pall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

The private letter of the Emperor Napoleon—made public by his friend and ambassador, to whom it is addressed—is the talk of all circles. Some late events have made the powerful writer more distrusted than ever, in England and elsewhere, whilst there is no wish to quarrel with him, or his dynasty, or his form of government, about which we have our strong opinions, but no desire to go to war for our "ideas." But whilst we do not wish to go to war, we are unanimous in providing such a defensive force as shall deter others from going to war with us. Lord Palmerston's speech on the National Defences has already borne good fruit. What is important for the nation to know is, that the National Defences will be carried on with as much vigour as if that letter had not been written.

And yet the letter is an excellent one in many respects. It is plain and unaffected—almost English—in its manner. In its matter there are many salient points. Chief amongst those are the complete accord in our non-intervention policy in Italy—which is all the Italians want—and in the more temperate propositions for the settlement of the Syrian difficulty, as well as the general expressions of good-will, and the sound appreciation of the value of the English alliance. It is fortunate that these professions can be subjected to an immediate test, in the affairs of Italy and the East. With regard to the more general professions, we have only to reciprocate them with good faith, and go on with the "Defences," which have already produced such gratifying results.

In the matter of the Defences, the Review in the Park at Holyrood on Tuesday next, promises to vie with that in Hyde-park, as nobly as "Bannockburn did vie with Cambus Kenneth." The "approximate numbers"—in the language of the War-office—in Hyde-park, were 21,800. Already the Scotch muster—swelled from the Border counties, in friendly rivalry—comes up to 20,000 in round numbers, armed and resolute men.

The "Faction-fight," to which I referred in my last as likely to take place next Monday in the House of Commons, has developed during the week these events that "cast their shadows before." There are strong misgivings about

serious results from so small a matter as the seven-eighths of a penny upon foreign paper. There is strong talk about change of Government, dissolution of Parliament, and other grave disturbances, rather out of place in the present state of Europe. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. D'Israeli are both brilliant men, but they ought not to be allowed to set Europe in a blaze. In the beginning of the week the political atmosphere was dark. It has brightened up a little during the last two days, in some degree owing to the state of "Foreign Affairs," and also—so they say—from some benevolent and patriotic influence in high quarters at home.

Paulò majora canamus. Municipal matters have made some progress in Parliament during the week. The Metropolitan Board of King Thwaites, and his minor divinities of the vestries, have had larger powers given to them by the Bill of Mr. Tite, which is allowed to pass, although considerably abridged. Danger is left, moreover, to take away from them all excuse for not proceeding with the necessary improvements of the metropolis. Amongst these one of the foremost is the so long-neglected talk of opening up the thoroughfares. Many existing routes require enlargement, and many new roads are urgently demanded, especially those running from east to west. Why not open the Turnstile from Lincoln's-Inn to Holborn, make a viaduct across Farringdon-street, and give us an outlet to the north-east of London? Why not carry a new thoroughfare from Covent Garden to the Post Office, using a part of the site of the old Fleet Prison, which will not be all wanted for the Dover and Chatham Railway Terminus? The Metropolitan Railway, now secure, will relieve much of the traffic from Paddington to the Bank. But the Strand and Fleet Street are as crowded as ever. Some relief may be had by the prospect of the "Thames Embankment," which looks better since the Report of Sir Joseph Paxton's Committee, ordered to be printed on Friday last, but which has not yet emerged from the hands of the authoritative Mr. Hansard.

Every one asks if the two great guns on the "Guards' Memorial" are to be left in their present unsightly and ridiculous position? Ought they to be there at all? I am told that the cost is something like £130 a ton. Would not a *fac simile* in Mr. Gladstone's *papier maché* be just as effective, and much more easily placed? But the whole thing is more fit for Salisbury Plain than for Waterloo-place. It looks scarce less enduring than Stonehenge. It is not ornamental, and certainly is not useful.

The publishing season has been very indifferent in London on the whole. It is by no means an easy task to trace the causes. There has doubtless been considerable dulness in readers. Little in the way of a sensation could be procured for anything, except a sort of lively (or unlively) wonder at the strange weather. Perhaps the universal gloom caused by the ceaseless rain may have had much to do with this slowness. Mudie—the "Solyman the Magnificent,"—of the circulating libraries, has worn, through the book-subscribing period, a distrustful, dissatisfied—even, altogether, infidel air! Small conversion had been made, in his literarily incredulous mind, to even the best titles. Not that anything like a remarkable book, title, or, indeed, a remarkable anything else! has appeared this season. A strange literary sign is the sinking—almost cessation—of interest in the great "work of fiction," with which the reading campaign was supposedly inaugurated. What book should we mean but George Eliott's? Owing to unlooked-for adverse circumstances in the interruptions to public attention, we more than half fear that this same usually brisk wheel of the "Mill on the Floss" has been but a languid wheel, producing, we have reason to suppose, but half the golden measures of grist which were looked for from it.

But there is a new feature in the "circulation" of books every way worthy of notice, and which promises to work every way advantageously. In fact, authors and publishers generally are interested in its success, no less than the reading public. We allude to the new plan of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons to convert their stalls at all the leading stations, into so many circulating-library centres. The thought is "novel"—something more, we hope, in the sense of solid literature. Monopoly is odious at all times, and in all places. The interests of authors—and of publishers, as the middlemen of literature—will be consulted by thus multiplying the avenues of access to the great market of literature.

How is it that all our certainly minor attempts at statuary, in the metropolis, should be so poor, and insufficient? We invite all our readers—in confirmation of our assertion that it is so—to notice carefully the so-called "drinking fountains," which, as one peregrinates about the streets, we all see assailing—certainly not pleasing—the sight. Niches, betraying crude notions, clumsy attempts at idealizing, rough carving—all sorts of faults, in fact; these are our "fountains." Mainly, they are stuck in walls, or they are raised in any odd and out-of-the-way position; sometimes where a gas-lamp—or where nothing at all—would seem more appropriate. Are Quakers the architects of these things, as equally as, in many instances, they are the benign individuals who donate them? A little heathen art—if it were good—would even assist the excellence of the water. For regarding this latter point of the innocence of the water, we have, certainly, not the slightest doubt. In the interest of the masses—and no derogation to the cold water,—we could wish that there might be certain special and enjoyable national occasions, on which these stone and marble means of administration of the "water cure" might run with something brisker than that trebly-virtuous, and "oldest of all ale."

Opera—grand opera—has nearly trilled its last, in London, for this season. Her Majesty's Theatre closed on Saturday night, with a combined musical entertainment of rare abundance, though not of distinguished excellence. For some reason—and we do not applaud Mr. E. T. Smith's taste, that it should have been so—*Ballet* is a flower which has not flourished this season at the old, famous, choreographic house in the Haymarket. How is it? *Ballet* is always the lighter—and, we boldly say, the more daringly and successfully captivating—sister of Opera. We seriously suspect that the truth regarding all these mysteries of production, or of non-production, at Her Majesty's Theatre will be found in the fact that the manager has possessed such abundant, and even embarrassing, stage means, that he has not known how to expend them. Like Cassim, in the famous

cave of the "Forty Thieves," he has been so puzzled with the rival solicitations of his rich things, that he has missed the opportunity of presenting many. But, like a much-frequented door, the "Old Opera" only closes to open again. A brief breathing-time—a slight "folding of the hands"—and the great West-end musical establishment, like a versatile actor in a new walk, and in a new part, recommences. We doubt the policy of this so swift shifting of the scenes. We are promised "English Opera" on a grand scale, and the temptation, to the management of Her Majesty's Theatre, has been to rival the native operatic representations which have proved so successful—shall we say—dare we say—will we say—at a sister house? Under the circumstances of this operatic conflict, we fear that we can scarcely predicate such harmony as should prevail in this sisterly-feminine relationship. But the true tale of success, where Operas are in the field against each other, is not told in the advertising columns, nor, we fear, in any "column," or "half-column," but in the empty or "containing" money-chest.

Covent Garden closes with this week, after a more quietly managed, but, we believe, a more successful—and decidedly more fashionable—season than the better-placed house in the Haymarket.

Flowers and *façade* are half of the Royal Italian Opera. And no slight or ignoble half, too, we will say. We are glad to learn that Mr. Gye is quite satisfied with the results of his season. We wish him excellent speed.

One of the remarkable men of Brighton—the Rev. Joseph Sortain—has closed his mortal career. Mr. Sortain was minister of Lady Huntingdon's Chapel—a preacher at Brighton for twenty-eight years,—and one gifted with eloquence so peculiar, so true and so genuine as to win for himself the attendance of all persons of taste and judgment who, for that long period of time, visited this celebrated watering-place. It is in contemplation to erect a statue in his honour.

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. V.

MR. WAGSTAFFE SPEAKS HIS MIND ABOUT "SLOP."

It always has been a fashion—it was so in Athens and Rome—it is so in London and Paris—for the living to accuse their own age of having degenerated from the high perfection of the past. If we knew anything of the private life that men lived three thousand years ago in Egypt and Euphratia, or of the gossip that amused the idle in Nineveh or Palmyra, we might discover that philosophers and fools prattled pleasantly in the afternoon about a golden age of their grandfathers, and vilified their own as one of inferior metal—of brass, or iron, or, perhaps, even of mud and clay. But I am not daunted by that. I build my present theory, not upon any bygone theory, but upon the result of my own experience. Guided by that, I most emphatically declare that the actual age in which we live has palpably and visibly deteriorated and degenerated. I assert it as a fact. It is of no use for any objector to say that time has dulled my perceptions and blunted the edge of my enjoyments. I know all the force and the weakness of the argument. I know that peaches and grapes are not less palatable than they were, because old men, with jaded appetites or no appetites at all, do not enjoy them as vividly as they did when they were children or young men. That is not the point. The fruits always ripen; the seasons always follow in their order; and the voice of Nature ever sings the ancient music. What I assert is, that within fifty years, especially in our realm of Britain, there has been a great moral deterioration, a lowering of the standard of thought and life. The people of all classes and degrees have ceased to be the solid, proud, and honest people that they were. We have changed, in almost every respect, for the worse. I do not mean to say that gas, steam, railways, and electricity have done nothing to improve man and society; far from it. I am only sorry that I am too old to have any reasonable chance of living a half, or even a quarter of a century longer, to witness the further triumphs of these marvellous agencies. But what I affirm is, that there has been a sensible deterioration of thoughts and things, that the ancient massiveness and truth of character, which distinguished the Briton above all the rest of the world, have given place to false pretence and flaccidity. The nuggets of gold, so to speak, that formerly existed, have been hammered out into gold-leaf, covering a larger surface, and looking, doubtless, very shiny and showy, but lacking altogether the old intrinsic weight and value. Flimsiness, and not strength, pervades everything amongst us, in us, and about us. We all strive to show the tinsel, to make believe that there is solid gold underneath it. The poor man takes a sheet of this very thin tissue, and spreads it out to hide his poverty of the real metal,—as if it were a crime to be poor. The manufacturer hastens to be rich by unfair practices, ashamed of his gilding, and desiring the solid gold, and not scrupling to do mean, cowardly, and dishonest things, that he may become a bigger man than his neighbours. The shopkeeper lies, cheats, adulterates, and gives false weight and measure for the same reasons; and SLOP reigns the monarch of our civilization. SLOP—the all-pervading SLOP—is the lord of our trade and commerce, the genius of our time, the beloved of our people. Look around, and you will see slop houses, slop furniture, slop raiment, slop food, slop drink, slop philosophy, slop philanthropy, slop literature, slop criticism, a slop drama, a slop House of Commons; and if we have not slop judges, a slop House of Lords, and slop Royalty, it is only because the people have nothing to do with the nomination of judges, the creation of Peers, or the choice of the Sovereign. You deny these facts? I proceed to prove them.

First, of Slop Houses. Time was, when a house was built to stand for two hundred years, and a church for five hundred—or a thousand. Ask any architect who knows his business and he will tell you, if your own eyes do not convince you, that the walls built by our forefathers were thick

and massive, and impervious to the elements; that the floors were of such solidity that if the hall or chamber were but large enough, a thousand guests might dance within it, without fear that their measured motions would shatter the edifice, and bring it down in fragments over their ears. But what is the case now? and what is the average duration of a house in London? Will it last for thirty years without continual propping up and renovation—amounting in the thirty years to about as much as the prime cost of the building? No: our houses are slop Houses, planned by slop architects, built by slop builders—showy enough, but thin and unsubstantial; bubbles of lath and plaster. In the palaces of Belgravia or Tyburnia, sitting in your study or your dining-room, you can hear paterfamilias on the right hand, whom you do not know even by sight, sneezing or coughing, or poking the fire; and materfamilias on the left, equally unknown to you, scolding her servants. You can hear Jones, on one side, striding over his carpet, out of temper with himself and with the world; and on the other, Smith's daughter, torturing the pianoforte, and running over the scales in a manner agonizing to the nerves. An Englishman's house is not his castle. The proverb lies. There is no castle for the modern Englishmen, unless it be a detached villa, with a large garden, orchard, or park around it: in which he can be entrenched from the abominable noises of his neighbours. Besides, if a man have a castle, he, as its undoubted lord, may surely be allowed to give a ball in it, if he be so disposed. But the modern Englishman dares not. He is forbidden by his lease, and by a regard for the lives of his guests, if he be a tenant; and if he be the proprietor of the lath and plaster shell, to which universal Slop has doomed him, he is forbidden by a regard for his property, and by common mercy, from allowing above a hundred or so of people to keep time to music with their feet, on the balancing, oscillating boards of his drawing-room. A ball of three hundred persons, all dancing together, would drag down not only a house, but a whole terrace in some parts of Tyburnia.

If you want to see the kind of structures that adorned England ere the age of Slop began, look at the ruins of Kenilworth or Rochester Castles, or at the noble cathedrals of Westminster, York, Canterbury, Worcester, Lincoln, and Peterborough. Compared with Windsor Castle, what is Buckingham Palace? A globe of crystal to a globe of soapbuds. St. Paul's Cathedral, with all its beauty, has a slop dome, which, proudly as it rises, is a false pretence—a mere scaffolding of wood covered over with a thin integument of metal. Compare it with Westminster Abbey, if you would see the mighty difference between the honest architecture of our early forefathers and the slop workmanship of their degenerate sons. These glorious abbeys stand all the wear and tear of time and the abrasions of the atmosphere; but look at the Palace of Westminster, where sit the Lords and Commons of the realm, commenced only five-and-twenty years ago, and you will find that it is in a state of decay even before it is completed, and that it is mouldering outwardly ere it is finished inwardly,—old in its first parts ere its last have been cemented.

There was, not many months ago, a very large house in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, on the south side, which was once inhabited by Lord Chancellor Erskine. The rooms were lofty and spacious, constructed to suit the tastes of an age which was guiltless of Slop, and of a man who would have scorned it had he known it. After fashion had left the neighbourhood the house was divided into two. One-half of it still remains in its ancient dignity; the other half, which was three stories in height, has been remodelled and reconstructed, and, without any great increase of altitude, has been converted into a dwelling of six stories; and Lord Erskine's library, dining, drawing-room, and bed-rooms have disappeared, and given place to little sets of chambers, neither half as lofty, half as wide, or half as long as the noble apartments which they have superseded. The lawyers of this age could not transact business in such magnificent rooms as lodged an Erskine. For smaller souls, smaller dwelling-places. A lawyer might possibly imbibe a great idea if offices were as large as the library of an Erskine, and as that might ruin his business, he does well to betake himself to a smaller den, like the soul of King Charles, that the poet affirmed to live in an alley.

As regards furniture, I know that in the days of my grandfather, nay, of my own youth, a fat man, such as Falstaff, could sit him down in an easy-chair without breaking it by his weight; but I ask you, as observant Englishmen, if a man of Falstaff's rotundity of paunch and ponderosity of figure, can safely sit on a modern chair, without a previous guarantee that it came of an honest maker? Fat men and women in our days, must buy their chairs, their sofas, and their beds, of men they know, and not go loosely into the market, or they may break both their furniture and their bones the first time they sit or lie down. No doubt strong and durable furniture is made, but it must be to order, and of an assured maker. It is not to be had in the open market, where show, not strength, is the quality that finds most favour, both with the dealer and with the customer. The dealer loves the showy goods, because there is a large profit upon the inferior commodity; and the customer likes them because they please the eye, make no large immediate demand on his purse, look cheap, and will do for a short time for eye-service as well as a better article. And as with furniture, so with plate and jewellery. Who can tell, in this second half of the nineteenth century, the real jewellery from the sham? the solid silver from the electro-plated counterfeit? The spoons and forks of many a pretentious household are Slop, as well as the tables on which they are laid; and a plated epergne in the centre does duty for one of silver, or for the simple flowers in a vase, which would be cheaper and in better taste—alike more beautiful and more truthful.

Slop raiment is even a greater scandal. It is a robbery of the poor and

industrious, into whose slender purses the anglers for large fortunes dip with the tempting bait of a cheating cheapness; and they catch what they fish for. But at what a cost to the public happiness and morality! Coats, vests, trousers, shirts, and shoes,—what misery there is in the manufacture of every one of these articles, and what fraud and villany besides. The manufacturer, determined that these commodities, all of prime necessity, shall be made as cheaply as possible, grinds the faces of the poor workpeople, drives men out of the market if they will not work at women's prices, and squeezes them down so ruthlessly, taking such advantage of their numbers and their necessities,—all competing one with the other, and with their own wives, daughters, and sisters,—that the hard-working man can scarcely gain sufficient to keep himself at the point of efficiency or even of life. The tailor, who formerly earned twenty-four shillings a week, working ten hours a day, for making strong garments that would last a reasonable time, cannot in our day earn above eleven or twelve, working fourteen hours a day, and half of the Sunday besides, making garments that will scarcely hold together for a month. The master manufacturer, hasty to grow rich, pays as little as he can; and the workman, as a necessary consequence, does his work as ill as he dares. Long stitches supersede short ones, and buttons hold on for a week, instead of half a year, as formerly. I ask you, as candid Englishmen, if there were any Slop tailors in the days of Blake, Marlborough, Nelson, or even of Wellington, at his last great battle? Be assured that honest workers make dare-devil soldiers and sailors; and that a man who does sham work, becomes in due course a sham fellow altogether, and loses his pith and his courage, in proportion as he loses his respect for the man who employs him, and the commodity he manufactures.

Nor are we better served in our food and drink than in our houses and our raiment. Who knows what he eats in our realm of England? Is bread made of wheat?—or only of a modicum of wheat, mixed with bean or pea-flour, and powdered bones, chemically whitened to deceive the eye? Is the poor man's beef really beef, or horse? Are his sausages not the product of the knacker's yard, made up of the stringy flesh of defunct cab-horses and donkeys? Is his butter not lard, flour, and ochre? Is his porter not a filthy compound of drugs and treacle?—and his ale all but innocent of malt and hops, and largely guilty of intoxicating and poisonous chemicals? Does his tea not grow upon the hedges in the green lanes of his native land? and his coffee in Buckinghamshire—or any other shire where the cultivation of chicory will pay the gardener or the farmer? Oh for one twelvemonth of some wise and beneficent despot, armed with a threefold Napoleonic power, and tenacity of purpose, who should do us justice upon the smug villains of our large cities—the mean rogues who poison us in our food and drink! If there be anything good in Turkey or in Turks, or anything we might copy with advantage from Bagdad or Samarcand, it is the excellent fashion of nailing the ears of such scoundrels to their shop-doors, with a label on their breasts setting forth their offence. In England, a man's ears were formerly cut off, if he libelled Queen Elizabeth. Pity that the ears of rogues cannot be cut off in our age, if they be found guilty of the nefarious crime of adulteration of food, a crime that unites in itself the meanness of swindling and the cowardice of assassination. Hypocrites that they are! They go to church or chapel—mostly to chapel—on the Sunday, and turn up the whites of their eyes—the humbugs,—striving to look holy, soliloquizing perhaps with their prototype Holy Willie, in Burns's immortal satire:—

"Oh Lord, remember me and mine,
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may shine,
Excell'd by nane,
And all the glory shall be thine,
Amen! Amen!"

If a poor starving boy, driven to desperation by hunger and misery, robbed a shopkeeping Mawworm of his kind, of his pocket-handkerchief, or stole a fourpenny-piece from his till, the arch-knave and master thief would have him up at the Old Bailey, and prosecute him duly, for the sake of example. Example, quotha! Were I the despot that I have portrayed, and had power to manage these little matters, master adulterator and prime blackguard should hang as high as Haman, though not until his ears had been cut off, as warning to the age, and a befitting sacrifice to the Demon of Slop!

MODERN YOUNG-LADYISM.

THERE have been revolutions in all things—revolutions in travelling, in writing, in thinking; revolutions in kingcraft and in priestcraft; revolutions in dress, in manner, in style; but no revolution has been so entire as that in women. The hearty, lusty maid-of-honour in Queen Elizabeth's time drank beer and ate beefsteaks for breakfast, played coarse practical jokes about the court, and bandied jests, not always of the nicest, with the courtiers; her country cousin wrought even-handed with the serving-maids, and gave her mind to pickles and preserves; if inclined to learning, doing a little in the way of Latin and the Virginals; but, for the most part, content with the material duties of her station. Later, Queen Anne's ladies gave themselves up to play and patches, including the high family-pew at church, where they slept through their religion with dignified devotion, rewarding the chaplain for his sermon by setting him to marry the lady's-maid. So they went on, gradually softening as they progressed, until they culminated in the ultra refinement fashionable a few years ago, when a spade was not a spade, but something else; for noun-substantives were vulgar and only to be used paraphrastically; and when the life of robust beef and beer, which withstood even the handling of the country cousin's similes, gave place to one all nerves and sensibilities, wherein nature had to be assisted to live. And now the last change in the magic mirror of womanhood has been from this exquisite

refinement which could not away with honest Saxon, and which dreaded vulgarity more than vice,—to the careless *abandon* that rattles guardsman's slang like its native tongue, goes to Cremorne on the sly, and boasts of it afterwards; makes up betting-books for the Derby, and wins gloves on the Oaks; wears the shortest and reddest of petticoats in the winter, and the jauntiest of hats in the summer; laughs nerves to the winds and sentiment to the waves; and apes from man his noise without his strength, and his fastness without his passion. This is the modern *belle*—the latest fashion in which the world's idol has thought fit to deck itself. But we cannot say that we think the fashion a good one, or hold the affectation of masculinity much higher than the affectation of fair-ladyism. Both are bad; and it is quite an open question whether coarseness in woman is preferable to weakness.

This kind of thing has gone into all classes, even the highest; and where we once had Lawrence's noble ladies, or Leslie's sweet and touching beauties for our aristocracy of womanhood, we have now "stunning fine girls," with petticoats borrowed from the Edinburgh fishwives, boots from the Irish navvies, and hats from the renowned Jim Crow—wide-awake and napless as his. Of course this outside revolution must have a corresponding moral circumstance; and accordingly we find that never, since the time when Mary Wollstonecraft and Frances Wright first broached the subject, has the question of Woman's Rights been in such full activity as now. The gradual draining of the male population to distant centres—to large cities, the colonies, the army, the navy, and the like—gives a greater weight to this question now than formerly, and the fact that more women are unmarried, and fewer are provided for by their parents than used to be, renders it doubly necessary that they should strike out an active career for themselves, and set themselves fairly to rights with Nature and Society. But they have much to learn yet, and not a little to unlearn, both of folly and wrongheadedness.

The greatest barrier to the fit settlement of this Woman's Question is, it seems to us, her own want of guiding judgment. Does she ask for freedom and equality with man?—she is content if she is like him in the way of vests and shirt-collars, cropped hair, jackets with outside pockets, racy slang, and dainty cigarettes. When she has her outside paraphernalia cut on the same plan as his, can go to his special places of amusement, and adopt his special forms of social life, she has done what she had a mind for, and thinks she has made a demonstration. Does she demand a higher mental and intellectual life than the mere drudgery of housekeeping, or the slavish cares of a populous nursery?—straightway she renounces marriage as a humiliation, and speaks of the degrading conditions of maternity, finding an exaggerated analogy between herself and the lower animals, and holding that Nature did her infinite despite when it laid on her the need of wifely submission and the precious burdens of a mother. Does she seek an outlet for her unemployed energies, and an honourable subsistence by her own toil?—she is not satisfied until she can thrust the men out of the places which they have won by virtue of their manhood, and on which Nature has set the seal of exclusive sex; she must undertake work for which she has neither physical capability nor the requisite educational training; and, careless of what special duties of her own lie undone behind her, she must for ever aim at those which, when she attains, she cannot discharge either fully or satisfactorily. This is one reason also why she is always underpaid. She works without the previous training to which men have been submitted; taking up, as the amusement of leisure hours, the art or pursuit to which they have devoted their lives, yet expecting the same rate of remuneration as those who have bought their mastership by long years of apprentice toil. Women rarely study with real zeal. Look at them as art-students: what hard work, as work, can be got out of them? Here and there, of course, is a noble exception and a bright example, but, as a rule, the female classes work with very little of that plodding, serious application which is to be found on the men's forms. The reason is obvious. To the man it is his all; his hope of fame, of subsistence, of position, of family, of independence; to the girl it is either a simple accomplishment which is to make her more attractive, or, at the best, but a problematical profession, "if she does not marry." And what is true of art is true of literature, true of business, and true of mechanical employment. Women rush at all these things without previous training; then complain if they are set aside in favour of the superior qualifications of the perfected learner. In their frantic endeavours to liken themselves to men, they have not yet attempted to imitate the thorough, careful, steady education for any special art or branch of art which is the first requisite for success in life. However, when they have determined what they can best do, and set themselves earnestly to learn the best way of doing it, they will not find themselves so backward in the race as now. Meanwhile, they cut their silky locks close to their pretty heads, stick their fingers into their jacket pockets when they speak, rejoice when, in the crowd that hides their petticoats and leaves only their shirt-collars and black silk ties visible, they are addressed as "young sirs" by old-fashioned fathers who have never seen an Emancipated Woman before, and believe that all these pleasant coquetties are substantial improvements in their condition, and that they want little more to make them perfect in the art of manhood.

These, then, are the two phases of the modern masculine young lady; the one which aims at the imitation of outward and mannish forms; the other which soars at higher game, and would borrow the circumstances of the inner life as well, seeking, though, to gain the prize without undergoing the sacrifice, to win the crown without preparing for the struggle. There is yet another way out of the difficulty, which we hope to see fairly tried, and which will, we think, set at rest all the objections which have hitherto been made to woman's work and woman's rights; and that is, not to let her work interfere with her natural position—not to let her rights blind her to her duties.

We want no special corps of Amazons, physical or intellectual; we want no women who deem it necessary to caricature their sex to fit them for their place in the world, or who find their womanhood, and all that this entails on them, a drawback and humiliation. Any work which demands this abnegation of natural conditions is, we may be sure, a tremendous fallacy. A woman's proper sphere is home; her proper life, the life of marriage and maternity; and what outward duties soever she may undertake should be subordinate to these primal necessities of her existence. It is not necessary that her marriage should include her slavery, or that the fulfilment of her holiest instincts and affections should shut her out from a full intellectual life; on the contrary, the enlarged experience of her own life should give her wider sympathies and a clearer insight into the hearts of others; for wisdom

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is never so wise as when taught of love. Who would not rather take counsel of the grand large-hearted mother, full of the best experience and richest love humanity can know, than of even the most intellectual of the women who subordinate love to intellect, and hold as the sign and symbol of a curse that which nature gave them as a blessed privilege and their crowning honour? The Emancipated Woman who despises the royal joys of motherhood, and would rather a lonely life of solitary thought than the gracious self-abnegation of marriage, has set herself towards the carrying out of the dreariest falsehood which ever afflicted the human race. Come in what shape it may,—in young mannish “fastness” of talk and life,—in the assumption of masculine work and privileges,—in the practical denial of the peculiar gifts of womanhood,—it is equally a fallacy which can lead society to nothing wise or wholesome, and which must end in the still greater confusion of an already tangled skein. No; let women keep themselves distinctly womanlike, both in life and work. If they would have increased freedom or a wider influence, they must get it by their sex, and not in spite of it; they must get it by being women before all, not mock men; by uniting thought with love, strength with delicacy, work with duty, and such outside occupations as may be in their way with the most jealous regard for home, and the quiet, loving, unobtrusive charities of that sacred precinct. Fast women, mannish women,—women to whom the cradle-side is no haven of peace, and to whom household duties seem wearisome and degrading, women, in short, who seek to unsex themselves, and are ashamed of what they are, will never solve the problem now set before them, nor help forward the world's work in the way of nobleness and truth. The greatest life is the fullest; and an unwomanly woman is about the most meagre of God's creatures.

THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS.

THERE are few things that the general public are less acquainted with than the personal appearance, the numbers, constitution, and place of meeting of their representative governors. Thousands have paid taxes to no trifling extent, without ever seeing a member who helped to impose those burdens. Thousands have died, in different parts of the country, without ever looking upon the Houses of Parliament. In the metropolis the polling-places are so few, and the hours of voting are so inconvenient for those who are tied down to certain hours of employment, that hundreds of men are prevented from recording the votes they possess, and their supposed apathy is artfully pointed out to excuse the disfranchisement of others.

In matters of parochial government the ignorance of the general public is even greater. A notion has got abroad that everything connected with a parish must necessarily be mean and small; and “comic” authors, with their allies, the caricaturists, have done all in their power to foster such opinions. Little Pedlington has been an easy subject of ridicule to writers who deal only with the surface of things; and Bumble has been danced before our eyes until we cry aloud for a change of puppets. The evil of such writing is that it causes the best people in a parish to stand aloof from parochial business. They hardly know that they possess a vestry-hall; they seldom vote in a parochial election; and they never stand as candidates for a seat in the vestry. The result is that the whole management of such elections is left in the hands of a local and selfish clique, and representative government exists only in name. In the mean time the parishes grow in wealth and importance. In principle they were never very small; in power of taxation they become enormous. The local taxes of England are stated at from fifteen to twenty millions sterling, or double what the imperial revenue of the whole country was (excluding the interest of the national debt) in 1792—the reign of George III. The management of sewerage, drainage, paving, cleansing, and lighting, seems no such contemptible thing, after all, when tried by the money-test. The “spouting cheesemonger,” or the traditional “soap boiler,” whom we are asked to laugh at, may have far more power, for good or evil, than a hungry Grand Duke of Meddling-Beggar-Seidlitz, or a ragged-coated Elector of Idle-Beggar on the Rhine.

In the autumn of 1855, an Act of Parliament was passed for the better local management of the metropolis, and under this Act was created that sifted, upper-parish Parliament called the Metropolitan Board of Works. The general public are familiar enough with its name, and that, perhaps, is all. They have paid extra sewer-rates, when demanded by its collectors, but probably without knowing very clearly who their rate-makers were, or to what purpose the money would be applied. A total ignorance of the nature, pressure, destiny, and creators of all taxes, whether local or imperial, may be safely assumed as existing amongst half the human race. This it is which gives courage to Chancellors of the Exchequer, and saddles the country with enormous budgets. We are not now dealing with the highways of legislation, but with the by-ways of administration.

At the risk of being considered bores by some of our readers, and of teaching many grandfathers to suck eggs, we are determined to give a short description of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

It is an institution entirely parochial, and must not be confounded (as it often is) with the Government Board of Works. Its members number forty-six, and are picked vestrymen sent by their respective vestries. As vestries are elected by the ratepayers, the root of its power is, or ought to be, representative. The City sends three members, the parishes of St. Marylebone, St. Pancras, Lambeth, St. George Hanover-square, St. Mary Islington, and St. Leonard Shoreditch, send two each; a group of seventeen other metropolitan parishes, from Paddington to Woolwich, and from Camberwell to Hampstead, send one member each; and fourteen districts, including some fifty-five small or outlying parishes, send fourteen members more. No member can hold office, without re-election, more than three years, and once a year one-third of the board retires by lot. The chairman is chosen by a majority of his fellow-members, and may be turned out of office, at any time, by two-thirds of a special meeting convened to consider his appointment. His salary is fifteen hundred a year, and he is assisted by a paid staff, chosen in a similar manner, consisting of secretary, engineer, solicitor, clerks, messengers, &c.

This is the constitution, in the main, of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and its powers may be said broadly to include a control over sewerage, drainage, and metropolitan improvements. It takes the place of the old Commissioners of Sewers, in Greek-street, Soho, and something more. Its working offices are in the same building looking on to Soho-square; and here

it is that a select committee of its body sits and forms the only court of appeal from the general decisions of the Board. The Board came into its property when it started in business, and this property consists chiefly of the main sewers of the metropolis. These are all marked, described, and mapped out, with their numerous small tributaries, like valuable beds of coal; and it is to the preservation, enlargement, and improvement of these necessary veins of society that their energies are mostly directed. While they labour, however, in a useful way, underground, they attend to ornamental work on the earth above. When the proprietor of a dwelling-house wishes to run out a Grecian portico—like a four-post bedstead—on to the pathway, the Board often objects to it as an obstruction; and as they are incorporated with power to sue and to be sued (a fearful power!) their objection sometimes means mischief. They may alter the names of public thoroughfares, so that the staunch Whig who fancies he was settled for life in “Fox-place,” may wake up one morning and find himself in “Pitt's-buildings.” In checking the street obstructions, caused by opening the roadway for laying down gas-pipes, water-pipes, and even railways, they have a voice, and they are often exhorted to use it. The injury inflicted on the trade of a neighbourhood by the slightest obstruction to the thoroughfare (as is the case now in Euston-road) is a matter of serious importance to the local shopkeepers.

This parish parliament hold their sittings for a few hours every Friday, in the Chamber of the Common Council at the Guildhall, City. They debate there, upon sufferance until they get a building of their own, and are looked upon as troublesome interlopers by the corporation beadies. They assemble about twelve o'clock in the day—fair parliamentary time—and imitate the House of Commons to a very perceptible degree. The hall in which they sit is fitted up with green leather seats, busts, and pictures; the Queen looks down upon their deliberations in oil and marble; and a stony-faced Nelson peeps at them from a corner. The chairman, Mr. Thwaites, sits aloft on a raised platform, behind a writing-desk, and under a full length statue of George the Third. The King's arm is held out in a favourite elocutionary position, so that Mr. Thwaites's short, calm, businesslike remarks appear to come from His Majesty. The average attendance of members is about two-thirds of the full number, and four or five men appear to be favoured with the gift of speaking. The chairman seems to keep a tight rein over them, as good chairmen are bound to do, and the business of the meeting is despatched without much oratory. In this respect it forms a useful model for “another” and a “higher” place, and also in its gallery—open to the public, but thinly visited,—where notes may be freely taken without opposition. In the House of Commons, whether in the speakers' or the members' gallery, to be seen with a card, a pencil, or a piece of paper in your hand, is to be expelled by a doorkeeper, as if the debates in that once popular assembly were private and confidential. The Metropolitan Board of Works—the Parish Parliament—have not yet got to this pitch of exclusiveness, and it would be better for them and the public if their proceedings were more generally reported. Few people know what they are doing, and few people seem to care, while London exists, the ugliest, the most crowded, and the most heavily-taxed city in the world, although it boasts of the greatest multitude of councils.

THE SPOTS ON THE SUN.

WHEN the sun rises all nature wakes up into life and beauty. Light and life seem linked together; darkness and death go hand in hand. Men, of old, worshipped the “glorious orb of day,” and paid homage to it as a god. The moon is for a few moments to obscure its brightness,—to put it out, as it were, for a few minutes of time, and we send our cleverest men some hundreds of miles to observe the effects of a world in darkness. What is that great luminary, equal in bulk to fourteen hundred thousands of earths rolled into one, five hundred times bigger than the totality of all the worlds that everlastingly swing round it in their whirling courses? Whence its light and heat? Is it a globe of fire and flames? or a great electric light? Ninety-six millions of miles extends the vast gulf between us and it, and tremendous the events extending over 50,000 miles of its surface are barely noticeable to educated, and unknown to the uneducated eye: the world goes on without a thought of them—flowers grow and bloom and fade. Eagle-eyed though you may be, it is only now and then you can endure its fiery glances. And yet there may be that upon its glorious face well worth your noting. Few of us that have not heard of the spots on the sun; we apply the facts as a simile in our daily talk, and yet how few of us have seen these sun-spots; and yet how few but might. Of course the better the telescope the better the view, but a common opera-glass will show them, and sometimes you may see them with the eye alone. A bit of smoked-glass is all you want, or better still, a little common ink between two thin plates.

Just now the sun is well bespeckled with them. And for months past they have appeared and disappeared, dawned and waned, gathered and dispersed. Ever since the telescope peered into heavenly space the sun-spots have been themes of speculation. By them we first made out the revolution of our central luminary on its axis, like its satellites—the earth and the planets; by them we have come to believe that the sun is surrounded by an outer atmosphere of vivid flame or incandescent gas and an inner and less brilliant atmosphere; but what these sun-spots are we know not yet. All is hypothesis about them, but still when we do not know, we may fairly think. Herschel, Arago, Pastorff, have thought about them, examined their changing aspects, measured their size, noted their periods of appearance, and have sought to find the influence they might exert on the meteorological conditions of our planet. Of course everybody asks—What are the sun-spots? Astronomers have asked it too, and tried to answer. We have already said that the sun is presumed to have at least two atmospheres,—an inner one and an outer envelope of flame. We must here guard against misconstruction of our meaning, we know no other word than “flame” to express to the general reader the outer incandescent gaseous region, although as actual flame must have a substance to feed upon, a material to consume, so, consequently, it must either be continually supplied afresh or ultimately it will burn out. Now, we do not know that the sun is continually resupplied with material for the incandescence,—indeed, so far as our limited knowledge goes, the light and heat of the sun seem self-generated and continuously poured forth into outer space. Unless the continual circular flow of electricity is the feeder of its undimmed brightness, we know no natural cause for what we see every day—sunlight.

We figure a sun-spot—not a little one, either,—of the size it appears on a reflected image of the sun's disc, of about a foot in diameter. It consists of a central dark spot, or nucleus, and a surrounding *penumbra* of a paler tinge, which seems to have but slight, if, indeed, any relation in its form to that of the central nucleus. If one had an orange wrapped in white paper, and were to cut into it a circular, or rather funnel-shaped hole, with a penknife, we should see the general white surface of the paper wrapping, the thick rind, and the substance of the orange itself: so, if a cavity existed through the two atmospheres of the sun, we should see the general luminous envelope of the sun, the penumbra or rind of inner atmosphere, surrounding the central exposed portion of the sun's globe or central dark nucleus. Such is the familiar idea of sun-spots: for most astronomers are agreed that they are cavities or openings, and not projecting masses, or mountains, as was once thought, and as we find them delineated on the ornamental suns decorating some of the quaint maps of the seventeenth century.

Another curious circumstance respecting the sun-spots, is that the region of these singular phenomena is restricted within a band of about 35° or 40°



FIG. 1.—Macula, or Solar-spot, with Penumbra.

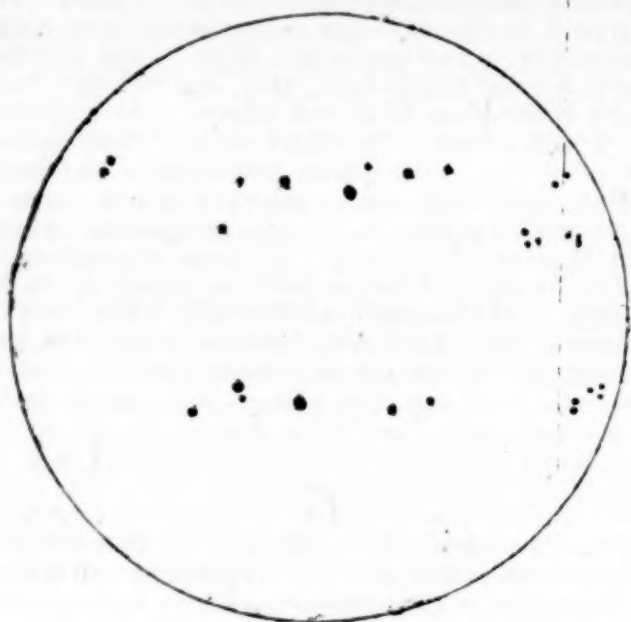


FIG. 2.—Zones of Macula, 10th Jan., 1837.

on either side of the sun's equator, and they have never been observed in either pole. To this, however, we shall refer again; but first, we would briefly draw attention to the size of some of the solar spots, as well as to the periodical maximum and minimum developments of the spots. The example we figure was observed by Herschel on the 29th of March,



FIG. 3.—Solar Spot of 29th March, 1837. Area equal to 3,780,000,000 square miles.

1837. A magnified image, accompanied and crossed by the black images of the threads of the micrometer (adjusted to zero of position and opened to five revolutions of the screw, or $2' 0'' 22$), was formed on a screen at a convenient distance from the eye-piece of a seven-feet achromatic, and brought to sharp definition by adjustment of the moveable lens of the eye-piece. Now the area of these spots, and their penumbra, exclusive of those outlying, as the extremity of the figure, was nearly five square minutes. In linear dimension a minute on the sun is equal to 27,500 miles, and a square minute, therefore, 756,000,000. We have, then, in this one vast region of disturbance an area of 3,780,000,000 square miles. The dark spot of the 25th of May of the same year, which we have figured, to show the remarkable streaks converging towards its centre, would have allowed the globe of the earth to fall through, leaving a clear space of a thousand miles all round it.

Nor must it be imagined that these sun-spots, although comparatively dark and black, are in reality so; for, the brilliant light of quicklime, under the compound blowpipe, appears in front of the sun's disc as dark as the spots

themselves; and the deceptive appearance of a weaker against the stronger light may be easily tested by an ordinary lighted candle. The sun-spots, too, are variable and fleeting in character; many disappear from the face of the sun presented to us, that is, within the period of half a revolution, while few are, indeed, returned to our view when the same face is again presented after the lapse of the twenty-seven days, in which the sun has completely turned round on its axis. Some have appeared and disappeared in a day; others are believed to have endured for nine or ten weeks. Perhaps their most remarkable features are presented in their disruption and disappearance. The velocity of motion exhibited by the surrounding luminous matter in closing over the spot has been in some cases truly enormous, and such as would be inconsistent with the known laws of motion of any merely fluid medium. A spot, of the apparent breadth of $90''$, or 41,940 miles, was observed by Mayer to close in about forty days, giving for the progressive contraction of the spot an average of 1,050 miles daily, or 44 miles an hour, a rate seemingly compatible only with an elastic gaseous condition. This rapidity of their disruption was early remarked by Galileo. Wollaston says, in a memoir, in 1774, that, while observing the sun he saw a spot break up into small fractions, as when a mass of ice is hurled on the surface of a frozen pond, the different fragments into which it divides slide off in all directions. There are other and bright spots and streaks on the sun's disc which astronomers call *faculae* and *luculi*. These luminous spots were also observed by Galileo, who, in his letter to Welser, in 1612, says, "Sometimes we see at the surface of the sun various white parts, brighter than the rest of the surface."

The detection of the *luculi* was due to Scheiner, the Jesuit of Ingolstadt. He noticed that, besides the bright spots dotted here and there, the entire surface of the sun was constantly covered with luminous points, or with extremely slender streaks of light and dark, crossing each other in every direction from east to west, and from pole to pole. It is these luminous streaks which are called *luculi*. We have referred to these because the *faculae* seem to be intimately connected with the dark sun-spots which form the subject of this communication. The bright *faculae* very commonly precede the appearance of the dark solar spots which often, subsequently, occupy the former luminous spaces. Derham records having seen through his telescope, in October, 1706, a black spot appear and disappear several times in the centre of a brilliant *facula*; and Cassini also states that spots are sometimes transformed into *faculae*, and again become spots. Wollaston, the elder Herschel, and others observed the like phenomena.

We have already referred to the limitation of the regions within which the solar spots appear, and that they have never been seen at the poles. The direct line of the equator seems to be usually exempt; at any rate, spots on the equatorial line are somewhat rare. Galileo assigned the twenty-ninth degree of declination, north and south from the solar equator, as the limit of their appearance, but modern observations have extended the "royal zone," as it was called by Scheiner. The spots appear also to be sometimes more conspicuously developed in one hemisphere than in the other, the preponderance being sometimes in the northern and sometimes in the southern portion of the sun's globe; while sometimes they are seen in two nearly equal belts at comparatively corresponding distances from the meridian line.

These facts have formed the groundwork of an ingenious theory by Sir John Herschel, who regards all the phenomena of the solar spots as being dynamical. The fluctuations of our own atmosphere are clearly due to the external heating power of the sun; but fluctuations in the meteorological conditions of the solar atmosphere cannot be due to any similar external cause. We know of no external object or circumstances which could produce elevations and depressions of temperature, altering its specific gravity, and disturbing the equilibrium of the solar atmospheric strata. We must conceive all the solar meteoric conditions to be passive and equal, unless there be any disturbance due to internal forces.

Reflecting, then, on the possible causes which might, from what was known of the sun's economy, give rise to circulatory movements to and from its poles in the fluids or gases which surround it, Sir John has come to these conclusions: that if there be any physical difference in the constitution of the polar and equatorial regions tending to repress the escape of heat in the one and to favour it in the other, the effect will be the same as if those regions were unequally heated from without, and all the effects of the trade-winds would arise. It has been a matter of doubt amongst astronomers whether, externally to the luminous envelope, there was still a transparent atmosphere around the sun. The deficiency of light at the borders of the disc, when viewed through coloured glasses, or in its image projected through a good telescope on white paper, and the extraordinary rose-coloured solar clouds seen during the total eclipse of 1842, are, in Herschel's opinion, sufficient evidence of its existence, although to what distance around such an atmosphere may extend there are at present no means of judging. Upon the laws of equilibrium, such an atmosphere must form an oblate spheroid, the ellipticity of the strata of which would differ from each other and from that of the nucleus; and consequently the equatorial would be of a greater thickness than the polar portions, and therefore different obstacles would be presented to the outward passage of central heat, and the equatorial would be habitually maintained at a different temperature from the polar regions. The zones of solar spots, under this view of the subject, would be assimilated to those zones of our earth's surface in which hurricanes and tornados prevail. The upper atmospheric stratum being carried downwards, would displace by its impetus the luminous and sub-luminous strata beneath, the upper or luminous being "affected to a greater extent than the lower, and thus wholly or partially denuding the opaque surface of the sun below. Such processes cannot be unaccompanied with verticose motions, which, left to themselves, die away by degrees, and dissipate, with this peculiarity, that their lower portions come to rest more speedily than their upper, by reason of the greater resistance below as well as the remoteness from the point of action which lies in a higher region; so that their centre (as seen in our waterspouts, which are nothing but small tornados) appears to retreat upwards." Now, this agrees perfectly with what is observed during the obliteration of the solar spots, which appear as if filled in by the collapse of their sides, the penumbra closing in upon the spot and disappearing after it.

It will have been gathered from what we have already said, that there are maximum and minimum periods in the number of maculae on the sun's disc. The maximum periods occur every ten years, and have been considered by some as coincident with periodical electrical disturbances, or magnetic storms;

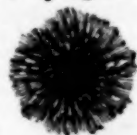


FIG. 4.—Macula, with a Penumbra, 25th May, 1837.

and although very much yet remains to be observed in these fields, a most interesting topic is here opened out for investigation. The minimum period is also decennial, reckoned from each fifth year intermediate between the maximum periods. Some astronomers have also supposed that coincident with the maximum period of the development of solar spots there was a period of minimum atmospheric temperature on our globe; and William Herschel constructed a curious table, based upon the mean prices of the hectolitre of wheat. Others have considered, however, that there was an unusual equivalent period of heat at such times, and additional observations on this topic would therefore be very desirable; for small as the spots appear, in respect to the whole disc of the sun, yet as some are really of considerable magnitude, they may be the cause of a sympathetic connection in the thermal and meteorological condition of our atmosphere.

The present year has been very remarkable for the prolific development of the solar spots, and has certainly been equally, or even more singularly, marked by unusual atmospheric and meteorological phenomena, the average temperature of the air being much colder, and the rain-fall much greater, than in many preceding years.

We present our readers, here, with the portrait of the sun's speckled face, as seen on the 18th July last, at the hour of the great solar eclipse, for which we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. R. C. Carrington, of Redhill. Since

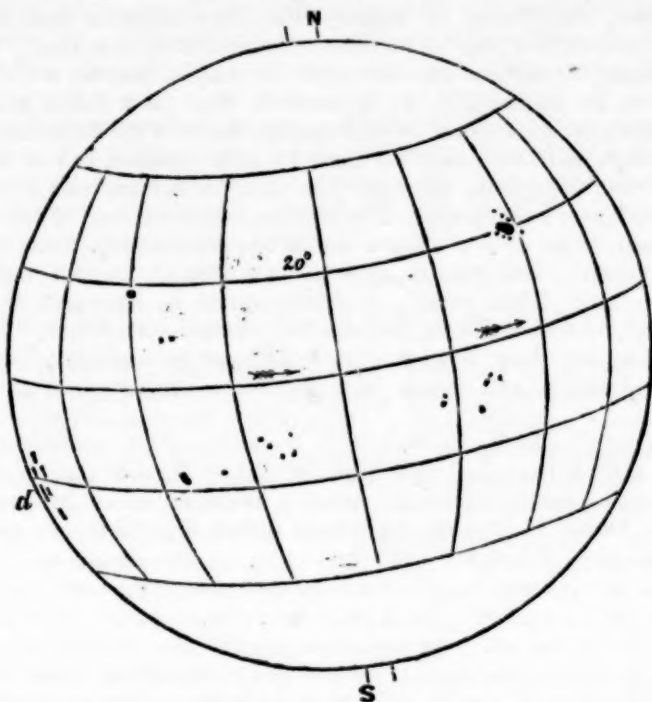


FIG. 5.—Solar Spots, as seen at Redhill, July 18, 3 o'clock p.m., Greenwich mean time. "Red flames" were seen (d) during the Eclipse of July 18.

that day the maculae have increased, both in number and size; and the group (d) represented by nearly straight lines at the eastern limb have, in the ordinary progress of the sun's rotation, come more fully into view.

We have already indicated the apparent connection between the luminous and the dark spots, and suggestions have been thrown out of the probable connection of the "red flames" observable during eclipses with the former, or faculae. Kutzeki, in his notice of the total eclipse in August, 1850, says:—"I find, in this very observation at Honolulu, a circumstance which supports it, and may perhaps prove it positively. The east protuberance was so situated that the region which it occupied was necessarily brought on to the disc some days after the eclipse, by the rotation of the sun. I took care then to examine the disc of the sun, on the east side, for several consecutive days after the eclipse. On the 9th of August, in the morning, I thought I could trace on this east side, and, as exactly as it was possible to judge by the eye, on the part corresponding to the position of the protuberance, a large facula. The imperfection of the telescope, which made it impossible to see the facula very distinctly, throws some doubts on the assertion."

Kutzeki again saw the same faculae advancing towards the sun on the 10th and 11th August, but on each occasion with too little distinctness to amount to positive conviction.

The recent observations in Spain during the eclipse, with others effected since, have tended to confirm this idea. Space, however, confines us, on this interesting subject, to one other remark; namely, that the linear form of the maculae, when first brought into view by the rotation of the sun, or in disappearing, is the natural perspective effect produced by our looking at the near and opposite edges of the cavities at the same time.

THE REWARDS OF LITERATURE.

In all professions, it so happens that a few reach the top, and flourish greatly; a considerable number get to occupy middle places, more or less comfortable, as the case may be; and many fall short of that position, and sink slowly into the dead-level of disappointment and distress. Thus we have soldiers from field-m Marshals to privates, sailors from admirals to ordinary seamen, lawyers from lord chancellors and titled judges to briefless barristers and petty attorneys, medical men from eminent physicians and surgeons to struggling practitioners and starving apothecaries, clergy from archbishops and bishops to miserable incumbents and pauper curates (the hierarchy and the lower-archy of the Church), in short, the wheel of fortune rolls to a strange team of various cattle, some fat and pampered, and many more lean and hungry. The literary class, of course, has to encounter its destinies, like the others—with this difference, that, so far as material elevation or wealth are attainable, there are no very high or profitable pinnacles within its utmost mundane bounds. If fame is conquered, it is of an unsubstantial, usually a posthumous nature, and unproductive of worldly advantages; and if failure ensues, it is attended by deeper suffering and wretchedness than can wound the humiliation and poverty of any other description of humanity. No doubt affliction is common to all, but the peculiar sensitiveness of the literary elements, education thrown away, aspirations humbled, and hopes and prospects

ruined, constitute an amount of sorrows hardly to be conceived under any other circumstances.

But ours is a great country. The English people are a noble, a civilized, an enlightened, and a generous people. They can taste the fruits of literature, they can enjoy the delights which talent and genius spread out for them. They revel in the luxuries; they benefit by the utilities; they are grateful to the providers, whether of intellectual ambrosia or physical manna. Why! the Government of this favoured land allows no less than twelve hundred pounds sterling a year in pensions, out of the Civil List, to succour (as is said) the unfortunate beings who have been overthrown in the vain struggle to find, in the phantom pursuit of literature, Westminster Abbey or a crust of bread.

The appropriation of this small fund, between June 20, 1859, and June 20, 1860, has just been published. It is a saddening document, and yet we believe must have cost the First Minister of the Crown more trouble and difficulty to arrange with any degree of satisfaction than any measure of a thousand times greater national importance which comes under his consideration. The candidates are exceedingly numerous; the interest made for them is politically puzzling; and the wants—even in some quarters the desolation—praying for this paltry relief, are of a kind that would fill the coldest heart with the warmest feelings of compassion. But, thinking well of this list on the whole, as creditable to the minister, we must observe that it cannot be right, and is, indeed, disgraceful, to divert any portion of this trifling annual sum from the purpose it pretends to fulfil. Yet, on perusing it, we notice that the first £50 are granted to three ladies, in consideration of their late father's services in the War Office. Then follow the daughter of a portrait-painter, whose husband was a consul, and performed good services at Naples, £100; Mrs. Beecroft, in consideration of her late husband's services for the suppression of the slave trade, £50; Lady Rigaud, the widow of the Bishop of Antigua, £150; two ladies, daughters of a person who made great improvements in the manufacture of iron, £100; a lady, for her benevolent labours among the seafaring population of London, £50; a daughter of Sir S. Betham, for services in naval science, £100. And here is one-half of the fund disposed of, no doubt, in a meritorious direction, but with the smallest possible regard to literature. The remaining portion may be well earned and justly apportioned; but we confess to perfect ignorance of the literary claims of the recipients, whose very names here meet our eyes for the first time. The six sisters of Dr. Lardner, Mr. Atherstone (who many years ago published an epic poem), Miss Pardoe, and the relatives of the late Mr. Rowcroft (to whom a royal debt was otherwise due), are the only cases distinctly connected with literature, and they have been rewarded with £375; while, a few years ago two several pensions of £500 each were given, out of the same sacred fund, to one person—the widow of the late Lord Chancellor Truro. Glorious country! Wonderful acknowledgment of literature!

SOCIAL BAROMETERS.

By the time your coat is worn out, you know pretty well whether it is made of good cloth or bad; and this sort of acquaintance with woollen textiles is too common to rank you among expert drapers. Can you take it up in the piece, stretch it, rub the gloss off it knowingly with your thumb-knuckle, and say decidedly, "This is West Riding, not Saxony, and should not be more than seventeen-and-nine per yard?"

You know the characters of your friends, as you know the cloth of your old coat; but the most difficult sample of new material to pronounce upon off-hand is a fresh piece of humanity. Its mixed fibre is a cottony-linsey-woolsey of passion, mind, and soul, in unknown proportions compounded. Its warp and weft, of nature and circumstance, of consciousness and experience, woven by the shuttle days in the loom of life, brushed by the teazles of trial, and smoothed in the press of business—who shall take up a chance corner of this magic web and say authoritatively, "This is such or such a quality of human being, good only for such and such uses"? Who! why, no one save the Divine manufacturer. But the most godlike quality in a man is a faint and vague approximation to this kind of knowledge. The rapid power of discovering men's different values, marshalling them into their right places, and getting the maximum of value to the commonwealth out of each member of it, is the Divine commission and signature of appointment for the man so gifted to rule over his fellows.

Some of our calm philosophers hold the comfortable creed, that the natural motion of the earth, under a judicious dispensation of letting things take their course, is sufficient to shake men gradually into their right places. And no doubt there resides in the body politic a *vis gubernatrix Fortuna*, which like the *vis medicatrix Naturæ* in the physical frame, wrestles with the quack providence of incompetent reformers, and brings the world (which they are always so busy squaring to their own Mercator's projection) eventually round again. Nevertheless, there is a vast proportion of the world's wealth of human faculties unemployed, misapplied, ignored and frittered away; what should be floating capital sunk without equivalent life interest. And this waste arises very mainly from our mutual slowness, clumsiness and timidity in appreciating the mutual advantage we might derive from our fellow-men, if we only knew whom to trust confidently, and how to make the most of their various gifts.

The prominent characteristic of men's thoughts about other men is, perhaps, their universal disposition, as far as in them lies, to shuffle out of the trouble of thinking for themselves about one another at all, and to take their fellow-men's characters only as a second-hand article. Opulent art purchasers, conscious of possessing neither taste nor judgment of their own, will give three times as much for a picture out of a celebrated collection, as they would for the same specimen of the same master at the sale of the late Mr. John Doe or Richard Roe, whose names are only connected with drawing so far as conveyances are works of art; unless, indeed, in the palmy days of those ancient worthies, a "View of Frankpledge" may have been some obsolete form of landscape.

What "collections" are to the commonplace art purchaser "sets" are to the average appraiser of human beings. He is disposed to take them as he finds them, and treat them as he sees them treated. If he meets you at a dinner of wits, he laughs at your joke, without, perhaps, precisely seeing the point of it; for the blunt end of your joke is sharp enough to tickle him

if he has qualified laughers to start him and back him. If he finds you at the humble but hospitable board of Jones, whom in town he patronizes as a country neighbour, and who, to say the truth, is only distinguished for his good-humour and choice old port (as well he may, for was not Jones *père* a notable wine merchant of Bristol?), he extends a collateral patronage to you as the college friend of Jones. If he meets you next week coming out of White's, arm in arm with the Marquis of Mount Parham, who patronizes him as a country neighbour, his recognition has not quite the same flavour. Still, you will never be quite the same man to him as if he had first met you so in St. James's-street, and the Lord Lieutenant of his county had introduced him to you as "a man whose influence near Truckleport is worth attending to—useful if you go down there next election, you know." These words are not supposed to be his Lordship's text, *coram* your average man appraiser, but hasty footnotes for your private ear before and after what the A.M.A. looks on as a mere fashionable introduction in the simplicity of his aristocratic heart. He will be surprised when he stumbles on you canvassing in the High-street, Truckleport.

But if you had first found him holding his county member by the button in the supper room at Cambridge House, and Mr. Estreat M.P. had grasped your hand, and welcomed you to the rescue on the wine license, or the international point of law touching Sardinia and the Sicilies, and had simulated great interest in your exposition, in order the more civilly to turn over his influential buttonholder to your conversational mercies,—that individual (as he parted with you murmuring complacently to himself, "My own views to a T—very clever fellow—rising man!") would have hung you, the selfsame picture, on quite a different hook, and set you off with quite a different frame in his acquaintance gallery. Indeed, he might, on further acquaintance, have himself suggested Truckleport to your notice.

This is all very well, says somebody; but how do you happen to know your marquis and county member, and how do you get into the side drawing-room dedicated to cakes and ices in Cambridge House? *Tout arrive!* Perhaps Mr. Estreat, M.P., is my wife's first cousin once removed. Perhaps I shared my last bottle of pale ale with my marquis at Palmyra.

And it is no longer a secret that Cambridge House encourages the Press. Almost all minerals crop out somewhere at the bottom of the sea, and many samples of soil are held in suspension where the shoal-waters are troubled, but only the rock-salt of the earth remains in permanent solution. So in the stir of life, everybody has his chances, and those who are fit for good society mix with it and become a part of it, adding a particle to the flavour of it. If society receives you *cum grano salis*, well! if not, you sink with the grains of sand. Indeed, I am sorry to say my cards from Cambridge House have been discontinued, and my marquis has not asked me to dinner since my last *fiasco* at Truckleport. Life has its ups and downs; you get on by accidents, and you fall off by accidents. Hardly any man's value remains at a regular static level. Nobody judges of us by what we are, but by the little temporary hits and misses of success and failure in the trifles we do or don't. It is perhaps lucky it should be so, that the stimulus to do one's best should never flag, even if we have no higher or nobler aim than social distinction.

Who precisely knows his own level in other men's estimation? Or how should a man learn it in order to treat himself at his market value.

There are, fortunately, social barometers of the biped form, walking price-current, cold-blooded thermometers, who, by mercurial instinct, mark the variations of the social temperature. There are a class of men for whom there is no exact name in our language. They are not to be counted with vulgar toad-eaters, being, nevertheless, a sublimer and more gigantic variety of that tribe. If the huge batrachian were not extinct they might not despise labyrinthodon cutlets *sautés à la champagne*. Their virtue is, that they systematize and designedly carry to its ultimate ratio that second-hand man-appraising process which society in general only falls into casually. They know the value of social accidents. They take great pains to walk with their marquis at the right time and place to meet influential persons who will be properly affected. Be neither civil nor uncivil to such a man. Look him in the face blankly, and observe the level of his esteem. If your reputation is at rain, he will cut you; if it is at changeable, he may possibly give you an insolent nod; if it be fair, he will lift his umbrella with a patronizing flourish; if it be set-fair, he will shake hands with you and make a remark about the weather; but if it be "very dry," he will stop you in a public place and tell you confidentially something he has just had from the First Lord of the Treasury. Let the average man-appraiser contemplate himself in living caricature, and take timely warning; for to this complexion is he tending, as long as he carelessly and lazily continues to form his opinion of his fellow-men vicariously.

Reviews of Books.

DOMESTIC LIFE OF ENGLAND.*

AN account of our English civilization, in the way of household habits and interior economy, compiled with care, and presented in a lively and familiar form, would be an acceptable contribution to a description of lore which everybody likes, when it is pleasantly executed. The subject is attempted in the volume before us; but in a manner which shows how signally a writer may fail with excellent matter, simply from not knowing how to deal with it. The book is not wanting in information, but it lacks the essential element of success—popular treatment. The author has collected ample material for his purpose, which he has rendered so dry and dull in manner and arrangement, that his research will be lost upon that large class of people for whose instruction or amusement it may be presumed to have been specially intended. Critical inquirers will find out faults of another order. Although, by beginning at the beginning, with the habitations of the Britons, and proceeding, with apparent regularity, through subsequent times, a certain air of historical sequence is imparted to the work, chronology is, nevertheless, utterly confounded, by the loose way in which dates are given or omitted, and the confused grouping into a single view of illustrative particulars that belong to different periods. These objections are not mitigated by the plan

* Our English Home: its Early History and Progress. With Notes on the Introduction of Domestic Inventions. London: J. H. and James Parker.

or style, which are intolerably dreary. Throughout nearly 200 pages, the heavy sheets of weary type succeed each other without a solitary break. There is no attempt at a division into ages or subjects, or at any kind of relief in the way of episode or description. We miss, everywhere, the pictorial hand, the vivacity of expression, the capacity for seizing upon the character of a period, and inspiring it with vitality—which are necessary to bring before us the domestic history of a people lighted up with the glow of life. The book is, in fact, the literal labour of a patient antiquary, and nothing more. We see the fire in the centre of the old hall, and the hole in the roof to let the smoke out, and we can strain our imagination to include the hounds lying about, and eating up the refuse flung to them by the guests; but there is no movement in the scene to enable us to enter into its reality as clearly as, by this duller method, we can catalogue its furniture.

The sources from whence notices of the early periods are derived must be, to some extent, of questionable value, and should be adopted cautiously. Many of them are of no more valid authority than a slight allusion in a barbaric poem. Such allusions are curious, and are entitled to be admitted in support of other evidence; but it is not safe to trust to them solely, and still less to draw general inferences from them. When Sir John Carr concluded that the peasantry of Ireland wore red breeches, because he saw one man in that costume, he committed exactly the sort of error in reasoning into which antiquarians fall when they make universal deductions from particular facts, references, or suggestions. We suppose that it is by some such process our author arrives at the sweeping conclusion that "the drunken revel was almost a religious rite amongst the Anglo-Saxons, with whom to be drunk was to be godlike." It is curious that in a book which, to do it justice, abounds in references to authorities, there is no authority given for a statement which will not only be new to most people, but is wholly inconsistent with the fact that, amongst the Anglo-Saxons, the average rate of mortality was remarkably high. The monks, whose bills of mortality are more accessible than those of any other class of the community, attained to almost patriarchal years. The united ages of two monks in the eighth century amounted to 310. This would, probably, even in that age, be considered extraordinary; but upwards of 100 was of common occurrence. The religious rites alluded to are those of what is called Pagan Saxondom; but the time is indefinite, and the monks cannot be regarded as the founders of longevity in England.

On an authority which, in this case, is worse than worthless it is stated that King Alfred invented the lantern, being driven thereto by the great waste his candles suffered from the wind. Were there no lanterns in Rome? And what of China? Did the Celestials pirate King Alfred's patent? It is also said that glass windows were unknown to the Anglo-Saxon chiefs, and did not come into general use till the sixteenth century; although it is certain, and we thought, notorious, that Benedict, the abbot of Weremouth, introduced them in the seventh century, and taught the Anglo-Saxons the art of making them, and of fabricating lamps and a variety of other useful articles in glass. Trades and handicrafts were cultivated much more extensively than our author seems to be aware. Skilled work was one of the most prominent characteristics of the people, and was intimately mixed up with their home life. Dunstan was an excellent mechanic and draughtsman, and could work in metals, and make patterns for ladies' dresses—accomplishments which he taught to others; and the encouragement of practical industry was carried so far that there was a law by which every priest was compelled to learn a handicraft. Amongst the arts which were early diffused was that of making glass, and of fabricating it into drinking-vessels. But there were other shapes of drinking-vessels than that of the glass mead-cup, described by our author, as there were other drinks besides mead, such as ale, the knowledge of which came from the Germans; wine, which was imported; pigment, a sweet liquor; cider; and morat, composed of honey diluted with the juice of mulberries.

The education of the Anglo-Saxons, however deficient in other respects, undoubtedly embraced a wider range of industrial pursuits than the people get credit for in this volume. Bakers, smiths, carpenters, millers, and other callings, connected chiefly with agriculture and the fisheries, were extensively cultivated; and weaving and embroidery afforded constant sources of employment to the upper classes. It excited no astonishment, says our author, for a queen to spend hours with her maids at the spinning-wheel. The remark would seem to imply that there was something to be surprised at in a circumstance which really denotes one of the ordinary habits of the court and the great families. The spinning-wheel was, in fact, the common occupation of the Anglo-Saxon ladies. Edward the elder had his daughter taught the use of the needle and distaff, and Alfred calls the female part of his family the "spindle-side," a term by which the women of a household were distinguished from the males, or "spear-side."

The minstrel's gallery was sometimes called the oriel, says our author. By whom? Surely this is one of the cases in which the compiler finds a careless phrase somewhere, and adopts it as trustworthy testimony. The gallery where the minstrels played was built, probably without a single exception, on a plan exactly the reverse of the oriel. Out of so industrious a collection of small details, we must make allowances for slips of this kind; but it is not the less necessary to enforce the importance of accuracy. There are many passages in the book, which, in spite of its archaeological dullness as a whole, will be read with interest apart from their connection with the rest of the narrative. In this description may be included those passages that relate to the social customs of the country, such, for example, as the old solemnity of laying the cloth for dinner.

"During the middle ages, the ceremony of spreading the cloth was one in the performance of which much curious etiquette was to be observed. Two ushers entered the hall: they both knelt down, and, unfolding the cloth, commenced spreading it on the table at the lower end; when they reached the middle of the board, they again made a low obeisance; and on arriving at the top, they knelt a third time, with the most profound reverence."

The table-cloths were amongst the choicest treasures of the household, and were generally of costly material, the most prized being of diaper, a name which, our author omits to tell us, indicates not only the seat of the manufacture, but the intercourse that was at an early period carried on between this country and Flanders.

The bringing in of the dishes, which was not performed till after the guests were seated, is well designated as a "domestic pageantry."

"The servants first arranged the dishes on a slab, called the 'dressing-borde,' or 'borde of servinge,' usually placed behind the screen, and when they had received the approval of the steward or butler, the procession was formed. The marshal of the hall led the train, holding the grace-cup and spice-plate of the lord, the almoner carried the alms-dish, and the assayer, holding the assay-cup, was followed by the carver, around whose neck was slung a towel—

To cleve his knyffys that bene so kene.

The cook or the server bore the first dish, decorated with a grand device. A body of yeomen followed, each carrying a savoury burden, and the waferer with boars' heads in castles, and other wondrous 'subtilties' of 'subtile cooks' devices, increased and adorned the festive procession. It was welcomed into the hall with the music of clarions and bagpipes."

We transcend our ancestors in the refinements of cookery. Francatelli would justly consider himself ill-used to be compared with the artist who built up a boar's head into fortifications; but it must be conceded to the old barons that they knew how to give excellent dinners after a highly-imposing fashion. The very settling down of the guests, the hush of expectation, the blowing of trumpets, and the march of the procession up the hall, gave a tone of magnificent emotion to the feast, which throws into condign shadow our tame way of dining. How insignificant is the descent of a flight of stairs, with a balloon of crinoline on one's arm, and a formal movement into our chairs, conscious of a row of powdered lacqueys behind us, contrasted with that grand ceremony of marshals, almoners, and carvers. But there is a grain of comfort in all things. If we are less sublime than our ancestors, we are more secure. We have not a death's-head at our banquets, in the ghastly shape of the assayer, whose business it was to assay every dish before it was tasted, as a guarantee against poison. With all their blowing of trumpets, our forefathers, from the days of the Norman Conquest to the sixteenth century, never sat down to dinner without the fear of assassination. We know that our modern dinner is shockingly prosaic, but it is something that we can eat our mutton with confidence.

CHARACTER OF THE LATE SIR R. PEEL.*

THE name of the late Sir Robert Peel is indelibly inscribed on a glorious page in the history of England. The study of his character is exceedingly important, whether considered with regard to his individuality or his political life—whether viewed as a man or a statesman. To us it appears that his near relative has here presented the public with a fair and impartial statement, from which it can form a just estimate of him in both of these capacities. There may be a natural leaning to the favourable side, and a liberal construction of disputed passages in party warfare; but if so, the counterbalance of candour in narrating the circumstances and conditions of the case, and the sound judgment in drawing the conclusions, afford to equally candid and judicious readers a perfect assurance of the general truth and justice of the whole.

In his mid-career Sir Robert Peel was accused of duplicity and cowardice. He was said to be the Blifil or Joseph Surface of diplomacy and intrigue. But his memory has never been disparaged by such suspicions as were cast into his teeth in the heat and strife of the struggle in which he was so heavily engaged. The grave and a very few years have toned down the language of disappointment and exasperation, and the Person and the Minister stand before us in a more sober and far clearer light than when looked at through the stormy clouds which enveloped no inconsiderable portion of the living presence. Sir Robert's posthumous memoirs have furnished his own explanation of his conduct while thus exposed to censure; and the volume now given to the world supplements that publication so ably that, in our opinion, there can be little left for future writers whereon to vary the decision we may honestly arrive at on the premises before us.

The three grand events—the epochs within twenty-five years—which link the measures of the politician with the destinies of his country, and having profound influence upon those destinies, were the re-adjustment of the currency, the removal of Roman Catholic disabilities, and the enactment of Free Trade. In the two latter, especially, he severed himself from the great Conservative body, with which he had previously acted not only in the most cordial manner, but with the hot zeal of a leader, and it is to account for such striking changes of policy that the true character of the individual becomes so essential to be ascertained. We think Sir Laurence Peel's theory affords a satisfactory solution of the question.

Sir Robert Peel inherited from his forefathers—or, as is commonly said, it ran in the blood—an immutable self-reliance, and almost extreme caution. These were the elements of his mental constitution. "His mind (says his biographer) was well gifted, but not richly endowed with rare gifts: a sound mind in a sound body; a fair jewel in a fine setting." His father educated him distinctly with the object of manufacturing him into another William Pitt, and the author observes, "Here, then, was the fortunate, it may be the wise union, of high culture with a fitting nature. Next came the higher advantage of an early aim: culture steadily directed to one certain and not unreasonable end." That end was accomplished, but not without sacrifices. First of all was the "divorce from childish nature which is inseparable from all early culture severely applied. The mind treated as the hand of the artizan, and forced overmuch on one application; the faculties strained to one absorbing pursuit; a reason, in its infancy, put to man's work; a memory over-cultivated; a fluency of speech too early acquired, brought their ordinary results: an imagination starved, a diction correct and flowing, but without stops of varied beauty—the level lawn of language." What, asks Sir Laurence, was to be foreseen from this condition of things? Nothing lofty, nothing impassioned—coolness, calculation, and changes, of course according as the weighing-machine varied, and the balance inclined one way or other. "Change, then, was inevitable; but in such a nature as his it was also sure to be timid and reluctant; so new birth or sudden conversion, but the gradual slow development of a growing stature. An honest conformity to a growing world." Guizot has said of him, "Il naquit Tory;" and so he did; but it was in moderate Toryism, and his disposition was so deeply tinged with what is, perhaps, untruly deemed the opposite principle, that Sir Laurence draws his portrait with perfect fidelity when he says he was "tentative, laborious, cautious, slow in adopting, but steady in the pursuit of

a new course; fearful lest the new wine should burst the old bottles; standing on the old way; proud to be of the people—their friend, and never their flatterer; justly sensible of the value of due gradations; a new man, but clinging to prescription and ancient usage; a mixture in his origin and fortune of two conditions in life—a Tory and a Democrat in one;—and, adds our author, "no uncommon or unnatural union."

In a production of this class, where the chief bearing lies in the moral example and the political interest, we are not called upon to go into the family history and antecedents of the Peels. They were substantial yeomen—the writer's father was wont to "pish" to himself over the superscription of his letters, half playfully and half peevishly muttering to himself, "a pretty Esquire, truly!"—and they sprung up and rose with cotton to be magnates in the land, to refuse garters and peerages, and to hold calico, industry, self-reliance, and integrity, to be above ancestry, and the noblest legacy they could leave to their descendants. Yet, observes the author, "I am unable to ascribe to industry alone all that the late Sir Robert Peel became. The raw material was more than commonly good—it was excellent. He was a quiet clever boy, and also a thinking boy, naturally observant and reflecting. He was no prodigy, certainly. His parts and his promise were such as many boys have and give;—nothing, however, is more deceptive than the early promise of a youth. A girl commonly beats all her brothers in their early lessons, and I have seen no young people so quick of apprehension as the young Hindoo [could not a valuable application be made of this sub-stratum in framing our Indian Governments?], though the after progress is not proportionate to the early excellence. Byron seems to have given a correct account of his school-fellow. He nowhere speaks of Peel as a genius, neither does he describe him as a boy of moderate capacity, and superior only by dint of fagging. He was never in scrapes, and always knew his lesson." But unquestionably the severe discipline had also some drawbacks. Peel seems never to have tasted the sweets of childhood, nor enjoyed the careless pastimes of boyhood. "The originality and freedom of his mind, though not destroyed, were impaired by it. He grew up graver than becomes a boy. His thoughts, as his manners, were cast too much in an artificial mould, and were tinged by a certain formality." In short, geniality was wanting. His youth was overstrained, and his early induction into office confirmed his aptitude to become "too much of a case statesman." Yet he was ever the friend to progress, and when once quite sure of his footing he advanced, even sacrificing, most painfully, his personal and party connections, for that line which a sense of his duty pointed out as a national benefit.

"I pique myself (he declared) on never having proposed anything which I have not carried." What a contrast to, what a commentary upon the session of our Parliament, now, it is to be hoped, drawing so near to a close, that the Cabinet may anticipate a Greenwich dinner before the whitebait is out of season. It would be very hard, after all the long sittings and interminable debates, to have that tavern bill postponed to "this day six months," or the first eating thrown overboard altogether. Surely, this would be worse than to have the example—

"Peel on Peel crushed horrible,
Convulsing heaven and earth;"

—shown up as the very converse of what has been done—or rather left undone—for the legislation of 1860. The beginning of Peel's personal knowledge of the Duke of Wellington is a curious anecdote, and may well be placed with more playful considerations. "One day, when the people were assembled in the park, to watch for the Emperor of Russia (1814), Mr. Peel, who was on horseback, hearing that a crowd was assembled before the house of the Duke of Wellington, expecting him to come forth, exclaimed with eagerness, 'I never saw him in my life,' and rode off instantly to take his chance of a sight of the man with whom, of all statesmen, he was destined to be afterwards most intimately connected." There are few anecdotes in the volume. The following comparison may, however, pass among them for originality. The author is treating of the adage, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," and says of the dead, "the 'primal sympathy,' the soothing thoughts that spring out of human sufferings, move us to embalm their memories, as bodies are embalmed, by burying their offal, and by the application of sweet odours." But to return for a few minutes to our more immediate task.

Sir Laurence considers the decision on the currency to have been the redemption of a pledge to relieve the country from an abnormal condition, rather than a new measure to initiate a system of security in economic policy. From the views of character we have endeavoured to illustrate in our preceding remarks and quotations, he contends that Sir Robert's defection from his friends and the great Conservative party on the Roman Catholic Emancipation and Protection Abolition or Free-Trade questions, was the result of his peculiar idiosyncrasy, or, if we may use the phrase, construction of mind, endowed by nature, as we have seen, and built up in the remarkable manner which his father chalked out. He looked on every side, he pondered over every contingency; and on the balance of good to be expected, and evils to be avoided, inclining this way or that, he made his choice, like Hercules, and went to his labours. Apparently, he could not unbend. Lord Hardinge, one of his most attached friends, lamented his constitutional shyness, or acquired closeness, under the pregnant description of "Peel's unexpansiveness," being very injurious to the party who confided in his leading; and Croker, in like characteristic language, complained, "*Il ne se déboult pas*;" and the not unbuttoning himself was a reserve which impaired his usefulness and hurt the Conservative interests. The separation which ensued on his adopting his new courses, deeply wounded his sensitive mind, and his posthumous vindication is regretted, as "not happily" reasoned, by Sir Laurence. But, as we can vouch, his mortification was grievously enhanced by several extraneous accessories. It was not that his recent convictions severed him from the creed of his father's house and his church and university opinions, as well as from the side of the vast majority of those with whom he had acted throughout his entire career, but there were personal considerations of a bitter taste mixed up with the parting cup. Where his closest and most valued intimacies had been cherished, his change was not only viewed as political treachery, but as gentlemanly dishonour; the way in which he turned was, perhaps, more indignantly resented than the thing done. That reserve which the author has described prevailed in these instances, and led to the belief that matured perfidy was superadded to the betrayal of trust, in abandoning the principles

* A Sketch of the Life and Character of Sir Robert Peel. By Sir Laurence Peel. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts.

* Thompson's "Seasons" reads "peal on peal."

of which he had been the most strenuous supporter. Some of the noblest and most estimable of his private friends adopted this hard opinion; and their stern withdrawal from farther association with him was the sorest trial to which a human being in his situation could be put. A consciousness of rectitude in motive would, no doubt, afford much consolation; but it is possible that, in his hours of most serious reflection, Peel himself might have wished that his nature had been more open, and that he had not exposed himself to the charge of secrecy and accompanying misconstruction.

We will not extend this notice farther by referring to some excellent constitutional doctrines which are ably enforced by the author, nor his admirable remarks on the Canning Crisis in 1827, and on Canning himself. It is a warm and eloquent tribute to the man who "was in spirit a true minister of a free people, a man of noble aims! who had genius, eloquence, even poetry; a mind not light, as some conceived, but capable of close and successful attention to subjects the most abstruse—thoughts deep as well as bright; and a soul liable to be deeply stirred." And why have we quoted this panegyric upon one whom Sir Robert Peel would not join in the formation of his ministry? Because we can affirm of our own knowledge that Mr. Canning considered Peel's reason, founded on their then difference of opinion on the Catholic question, to be a valid ground for the part he took, and that for many preceding years he was in the habit of upholding Sir Robert as his legitimate political successor in the highest administrative and legislative functions which his country had to confide to a trustworthy man. No higher testimony than this could be borne to the talent and character of Sir Robert Peel.

THE ART OF ILLUMINATING.*

It is well known to every reader that the artists of the middle ages did not confine their attention exclusively to the mere masonry and stonework of churches, but that they bestowed some of the highest efforts of their genius on the embellishment or illumination of manuscripts. Relics of this art are preserved in all the great European libraries, and have been studied by laborious and enthusiastic scholars, many of whom have devoted a lifetime to their elucidation. The works, however, in which these researches are embodied are expensive and inaccessible to the general public, and, besides, do not embrace a comprehensive survey of the whole subject. The present treatise, therefore, supplies a want. Mr. Wyatt does not, however, address the learned, or endeavour to enter into competition with the great writers on ornamental art. He simply attempts to sketch the history of illumination, to exhibit the characteristics of its various schools, to show how they grew out of and reacted upon each other, to suggest uses to which the art may still be turned, and to lay down rules for the guidance of those who wish to practise it. His work is pre-eminently practical. On the principle that example is better than precept, it is got up with the greatest splendour of typography and illustration. A long series of examples from illuminated manuscripts, extending from the sixth to the sixteenth century, printed in chromo-lithography, and carefully selected with a view to modern study and imitation, form three-fourths of this magnificent volume, which might have been even more gorgeous had it not been intended to manifest simply a due appreciation of the efforts of the past, without cramping the inventive and independent spirit of the present.

The historical section of Mr. Wyatt's work seems to us to be the most interesting part of his introductory treatise,—showing, as it does, how strikingly these illuminated monuments reflect, in just proportions, all the great events in history, which have most powerfully influenced the progress of civilization. With the general adoption of books or codices, in lieu of the old roll of papyrus or parchment, the art of illumination came into existence. The Roman illustrated manuscripts of the second and third centuries were written in inclined or rustic capitals, chiefly in black, but sparingly also in red ink, and adorned with pictures, in the style familiar to us from the remains of Pompeii. With the removal of the seat of empire to the East, art rapidly declined in Italy, while it rose in its decorative department, at least to some splendour, in Constantinople. A richer kind of illumination was practised in the Eastern empire, the old Roman style of art being modified by the introduction of stained vellum, and black and coloured letters on gold grounds. It continued to prevail down to the reign of Justinian, when a remarkable change took place. In the same year that an eternal peace was concluded with Chosroes Nushirvan, of Persia, the church of St. Sophia was built, and decorated with ornaments which betray an Oriental character, and lead to the assumption that Persian artists were employed. The same style of art makes its appearance in the golden Greek canons of Eusebius, still preserved at the British Museum, which belong to the same period, and which form the earliest specimens of illumination worthy of the careful study of modern artists.

Before this Greco-Persian art had produced fruits, there sprung up among the priests of Ireland and the Highlands—who were isolated from Christian Europe by the pagan Saxons of England,—a new style of illumination, in imitation, it is supposed, of old Greek models. It reached its highest perfection in the sixth and seventh centuries. The acanthus-leaf was discarded, and patterns of intricate design took the place of the simple decorations of ancient art. The characteristics of this style are easily indicated. Ribbons diagonally interlaced, blend with one, two, or three spiral lines curling within each other, till they meet in the centre of circles, whence they spring away to form other circles, and link on to serpentine and lacertine animals and birds hideously attenuated, and catching each other by the tails, tongues, and top-knots. In the whole range of paleography, there is nothing to be met with comparable to the early Erse manuscripts for delicacy of handling and minute but faultless execution. "When in Dublin," says Mr. Wyatt, "some years ago, I had the opportunity of studying very carefully the most marvellous of all, 'The Book of Kells,' some of the ornaments of which I attempted to copy, but broke down in despair. Of this very book, Mr. Westwood examined the pages as I did for hours together, without ever detecting a false line or an irregular interlacement. In one space of about a quarter of an inch superficial, he counted with a magnifying glass no less than 158 interlacements of a slender ribbon pattern, formed of white lines edged by black ones upon a black ground. No wonder that these unerring lines should have

been supposed to have been traced by angels." From Iona, in the seventh century, the Irish missionaries carried their art with them to Lindisfarne and Glastonbury, where their style was adopted by their Anglo-Saxon pupils and converts with a success attested by the "Durham Book," an illuminated version of the Gospels, written at Lindisfarne in the end of the seventh century, and only surpassed by "The Book of Kells."

There is no more striking event in the history of England than the arrival of St. Augustine, in 596, with his forty monks, at the court of King Ethelred, as a mission for the conversion of the Saxon population. When the Italian priests had been firmly established in this country, the Pope sent them a small library, the catalogue of which is still extant. Most of the books have been lost, but fragments of two are still preserved in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, which are identified as having been brought to this country in the end of the sixth century, not only by tradition, but by entries upon them in Saxon, which is upwards of one thousand years old, and which declare them to belong to the old library at Canterbury. Now, the decorations on these fragments are Roman exclusively. They represent St. Luke in a toga, in the midst of triumphal arches and ornaments, characteristic of the mosaics of the fifth and sixth centuries. They exhibit no trace of Erse ornament. It must soon have become important for the missionaries to multiply the text-books of the Church of Rome, and it is natural to suppose that in doing so they would employ native penmen, trained in the northern monasteries. That they did so is almost certain, the result being a new style of ornament, combining skilful imitations by the pen of the miniatures in the old Roman pictorial books, superadded to the decorations of the old Erse school.

When, through the efforts of the Erse monks in the north, and the Italian priests in the south, the Teutonic population of England had been converted to Christianity, Saxon missionaries went forth to convert their heathen kindred on the continent. St. Boniface, the apostle of Germany, one of the greatest and noblest men whom this country has ever produced, took with him ornamented books of the Gospels, which are still extant; and introduced Romanized Erse illumination into the monasteries he founded at Fulda in Germany, St. Gall in Switzerland, and Bobbio in Italy. The style took root on the Continent. About a quarter of a century after the martyrdom of St. Boniface, Alcuin, another Saxon ecclesiastic, became the friend and adviser of Charlemagne, his instructor in science and learning, and the inspector in chief of his scriptoria. From his letters to his pupil, it appears that the superiority of the English schools and libraries was then generally recognised in France and Italy. "If it shall please your wisdom," he says, in speaking of them, "I will send some of our boys, who may copy thence whatever is necessary, and carry back into France the flowers of Britain, that the garden may not be shut up in York, but that fruits from it may be placed in the paradise of Tours." Another influence, however, acted upon these illuminists. We have already referred to the state of ornamental art in the Greek Empire in the age of Justinian. After this period a rapid change took place in its character. The human heads acquired a gloomy and ascetic appearance; the figures became meagre and exaggerated in their proportions; the drapery shrunk into narrow folds; while, for the glories, hatchings, and ground, gold was universally employed. Now, just at the time when Charlemagne, under the advice of Alcuin, was founding Scriptoria in France and Germany, the iconoclastic emperors were dispersing the skilful Greek artists. They found their way to the court of Charlemagne, and introduced their own style of art in parts of the manuscripts intrusted to them. The paintings remained Roman, the initial letters Erse, while the borders glistened with the brighter ornaments of Byzantine illuminations. An evangelarium, presented to the Emperor Napoleon by the city of Toulouse on the baptism of the King of Rome, and written by the scribe Godescalc, in 781, forms one of the most imposing examples of this style of art.

The Roman, Erse, and Byzantine styles were now combined, and worked up by artists into forms out of which sprang the true mediæval style, which, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when illumination and glass-staining, merged into one art, reflected the grand and solemn forms of Gothic architecture.

The art of printing did not at once destroy the old method of illumination. The earliest books were made to imitate manuscripts so closely as to deceive an inexperienced eye, spaces being left for the decorations of initial letters by the hand. But the Reformation followed, and with it the destruction of missals, books of legends, and all such "superstitious writings," which were, indeed, in this country at least, sought out and burned by persons appointed for the purpose. It is surprising that so many relics remain, and that from them it is still possible to elaborate a history of the art so continuous and satisfactory as that recorded in these pages by Mr. Wyatt.

The lively Marquis de Moges, who has recently given an account of Baron Gros' mission to the East, tells us that, in Chinese schools, the children, instead of being made to transcribe moral maxims upon their slates and copy-books, write their lessons on the forms and desks, where they are varnished over, and afterwards serve both for ornament and use in reconning old tasks. Mr. Wyatt thinks that something of the same kind might be attempted in Europe. He sees no reason why we should copy out passages from the poets, and then bury them in albums and scrap-books. Why should we not place them in an illuminated framework, and hang them upon the walls of our parlours and drawing-rooms? Why should ceilings, walls, cornices, string courses, panels, courses round doors and windows, friezes, chimney-pieces, and furniture, in dwellings, school-rooms, and churches, not be ornamented with inscriptions blending harmoniously with devices of graceful form and brilliant colouring? In this way the finest thoughts of poets and moralists, and texts for admonition, comfort, and hope, might be brought constantly under the eye and deeply impressed upon the memory.

The idea is by no means a new one. It was carried out with great success in old Scotch manor-houses, in which we may still study the decorations of "painted chambers" as old as the sixteenth century, and very much akin in character to those suggested by Mr. Wyatt. On the white rafters of these gloomy apartments run long rows of black and red rings and interlacing spires. On the ceiling between hang painted clusters of leaves and fruit, with the ensigns armorial of the baron and his ancestors, sometimes back to Cæsar, King Brute, and Priam of Troy. On every jutting frieze and coigne of vantage stand out legends in black Gothic letters, which are found, on close scrutiny, to be home-brewed maxims, texts from "Sanct Paul, that

* The Art of Illuminating. By M. Digby Wyatt. Day & Sons, Lithographers to the Queen.

pillar of y^e Kirk," and lines from Chaucer and his Scotch imitators, undoubtedly the greatest of our poets in the period anterior to Shakspeare, and therefore very properly pointed to by Mr. Wyatt as a quarry for thoughts quaintly expressed and well adapted to modern illumination.

ROGUES AND VAGABONDS.*

HUMAN nature is the same in all countries and in all ages. The "Arabian Nights" is perhaps the oldest book of fiction in the world, and yet, after discarding a few details which are mere matters of dress and scenery, the characters are the living men and women of to-day, and will be the living men and women of to-morrow. The barbers in that wonderful book are the same light, garrulous beings who now follow the same trade,—who shave us and discourse upon the weather,—who cut our hair and suggest the purchase of restoratives. Shakspeare understood this, with true dramatic instinct. His mob in "Coriolanus,"—his servants in the same play,—may always be matched in our houses or our streets. They are not wooden. They are not constructed upon any system. They have no "humours" of the author's brain about them,—no passing eccentricities of the hour. They were either drawn from actual life, or with a logical perception of what life was or must be, and the consequence is, that, instead of being pushed on one side by history and material progress, both these things, and especially history, only prove their enduring fidelity as portraits.

Books that have remained for centuries known only to small knots of industrious antiquaries, are often brought into the full glare of public reading by enthusiastic translators. If they place before us anything that we were not closely acquainted with before, they tell us nothing that we might not have arrived at by a process of reasoning. The first book at the head of this article is one of these. It is an account of German vagabonds and beggars, with a dictionary of cant language (the father of slang), edited by the great religious reformer, Martin Luther. Many well-meaning persons will be shocked to find the hero of the Reformation suspected even of touching a slang dictionary, much less of editing it; but Luther, like all great men of past times—as well as past times themselves,—has two characters—the real and the ideal. In the ideal character it is that he lives in the minds of most of his admirers,—an attitudinizing statue, cold and motionless, purified of most things that belong to every-day humanity. In the real character it was that he lived, and got his living, performed his work, and secured his immortality. Shakspeare was not always writing plays, and never stood in that ridiculous listening posture in which he has been represented, with one elbow on a short column, supporting the finger placed upon his brow, and with his body foppishly bent like his own Osrick. This is the ideal Shakspeare: the real Shakspeare ate and drank, and poached, and played at skittles; and so did the great Luther—with the exception of poaching. There is nothing marvellous in the fact, or supposed fact, that the old Reformer edited a "Book of Vagabonds," any more than in that of Chaucer being an excellent accountant.

This "Book of Vagabonds" (discarding the antiquarian details), printed at Wittenberg in the year 1529, shows us, what we might fully expect,—that the tricks of beggars and impostors, as practised in Germany in Luther's time, were the same tricks known in England a few years later, and still known amongst existing rogues and tramps. Whether we look to Thomas Harman's book, which was written in Queen Elizabeth's days,—to Audley's book, published in 1575,—or to Harrison's description of England, prefixed to Hollinshed's Chronicle,—to Greene,—to Decker, or Henry Mayhew, we have still the same record: there are the rogues with patched cloaks, who begged with their wives; those with forged licences and letters, who pretended to collect for hospitals; those afflicted with the falling sickness, "fresh-water mariners," with tales of a dreadful shipwreck; and many more who are now howling under our windows. It wants no elaborate discourse, no array of authorities, to prove that idleness, or that moderate industry which does nothing but tramp gently from place to place, will always be attractive as long as it yields a living. The number of beggars keeps pace with the population,—for begging is not an unprofitable calling. The "distressed family," who move slowly along the middle of the road, bellowing that intermittent part-song, as they glance upwards with the keenness of monkeys, at the windows, will visit a hundred London streets in the course of the day, and draw, perhaps, a penny from each,—or a steady income of 130*l.* a year. This it is that nourishes beggars and vagabonds, and causes them to run neck-and-neck with the growth of civilization.

Luther's "Book of Vagabonds" begins by describing the Stabblers, or Bread-Gatherers—vagrants who tramp through the country from one saint to another, with their wives and children. Their hats and cloaks hang full of signs of all the saints,—their cloaks being made out of a hundred pieces. They go to the peasants, who give them bread, and each of these Stabblers has six or seven sacks, and carries with him a pot, plate, spoon, flask, and whatever is needed for the journey. These same Stabblers never leave off begging, nor do their children, from their infancy until the day of their death, for the beggar's staff keeps the fingers warm, and they neither will nor can work.

Next come the Lossners, or liberated prisoners—knaves, who say they have lain in prison six or seven years, and carry chains with them wherein, they say, they were confined for years by infidels for their Christian faith.

Then follow the Klenknars, or cripples—beggars who sit at church-doors, and attend fairs with sore and broken legs: one has no foot, another no shank, a third no hand or arm. Many a one ties a leg up, or besmears an arm with salves, and all the while as little ails him as other men. They can run, when kicked, as fast as horses.

After this come Dobissers, or church-mendicants—who "touch" for diseases; Kammesierers, or learned beggars—who (like Bampfylde Moore Carew) are mostly young men of good education, who have taken to a tramping life—vagrant strollers, or small conjurors; Grantners, or knaves pretending a deadly sickness; Dutzers, or false pilgrims; Schleppers, or false begging priests; Gickisses, or blind beggars; Schwanfelders, or half-naked shivering mendicants; Voppers, or pretended maniacs; and a hundred other impostors.

* The Book of Vagabonds and Beggars. Edited by Martin Luther. 1529. Translated into English, with Notes, &c. By John Camden Hotten. London: Hotten.
Modern Slang Dictionary. London: Hotten.

As the translator of this book observes (and he knows something of his subject, having compiled the best and most curious Slang Dictionary ever published), "the Stroller, or master of the black art, is yet heard of in our rural districts. The simple farmer believes him to be weatherwise, and should his crops go wrong, he crosses the fellow's hand with a piece of silver, in order that things may be righted. The Wiltners, or finders of pretended silver fingers, are now-a-days represented by the 'fawney-riggers,' or droppers of counterfeit gold rings. Toners, or card-sharpers, are, unfortunately, still to be met with on public race-courses; and the Over-Sonnen-goers, or pretended distressed gentry, who went about 'neatly-dressed,' with false letters, would seem to have been the originals of our modern 'begging-letter writers.' Those half-famished-looking impostors, with clean aprons, or carefully-brushed threadbare coats, who stand on the curbs of our public thoroughfares and beg, with a few sticks of sealing-wax in their hands, were known in Luther's time as Goose-shearers." Another class, known amongst London street-folk as "Shivering Jemmies," were found in Germany under the title of Schwanfelders; and men who maim children, and then carry them about to excite pity; borrowers of children for the same purpose; beggars who pretend to suffer from fits, with their mouths crammed full of soap to produce foam; travelling quack doctors, and tinkers who mend one hole in a kettle and make two, are all to be found in Luther's "Book of Vagabonds."

This volume is, in a great measure, an antiquarian book, and is got up with the most careful attention to binding and type; but the subject it deals with must interest a very wide circle of readers. In the former book, alluded to by the same author (the "Dictionary of Modern Cant, Slang, and Vulgar Terms"), the history of vagabondism was also touched upon, and the hieroglyphics used by tramps and thieves were carefully given. As shown in Mr. Rawlinson's "Report to the General Board of Health, Parish of Havant, Hampshire," the vagrant's marks and pantomimic signs, with the use of cant terms, form together a secret language extremely useful to rogues and vagabonds. The marks are seen throughout the country on door-posts, corners of streets, and house-steps, and they inform the initiated beggar of all he requires to know. A simple cross X means "no good—they are too poor and too knowing;" a mark like the prongs of a pitchfork means "go in this direction, there is nothing the other way;" a diamond \diamond means "good, safe for a potato, if for nothing else;" a triangle Δ means "spoilt by too many tramps;" a square \square means "unfavourable—mind the dog;" a circle with a spot in its centre \odot means "dangerous—sure of a month in prison;" and a circle with a cross in it \oplus means "religious, but tidy on the whole."

Since the above work was published, and its information circulated, many country gentlemen have placed the square and the spotted circle upon their door-posts, and have found a singular immunity from alms-seekers in consequence. Apart from the historical interest attached to such books, they appear, from this, to have a certain utilitarian value.

EARLY WRITINGS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.*

UNDER the title of "Brownrigg Papers," Mr. Blanchard Jerrold has collected some of the scattered writings published by his father between 1830 and 1840. Its title is adopted from the *nom de plume* of Henry Brownrigg, originally attached to some of the articles, and is, we think, to be regretted, as it certainly fails to convey to the public the slightest intimation either of the contents, or the authorship of the volume. Hundreds of people, who would be eager to read anything that bore the name of Douglas Jerrold, will pass by the "Brownrigg Papers" with indifference.

The Papers, which consist of tales and sketches contributed to annuals and magazines, are strikingly characteristic of that special manner of verbal playfulness, with a purpose under it, which the writer afterwards cultivated more earnestly, but not always more successfully. We have here the germs of his wit and his taste; the first flavour of a style which subsequent practice sharpened and brightened rather than mellowed, and which, if it be weaker and less vivid in these early specimens than in later works, has the advantage, upon the whole, of being simpler and quieter. The difference is only the difference of age. Even without the assistance of the title-page, it would be impossible to mistake the hand of Douglas Jerrold in these pages. The rapid seizure of grotesque contrasts and similitudes, the instinctive abhorrence of shams and pretences of all kinds, the prodigality with which brilliant word-paradoxes are scattered about, the tendency to eccentric ways of representing the vices and virtues, and the sparkling touches of acrid pleasantry by which a trait, or a nickname, or a mark of humorous scorn is burned in for ever, are as thickly sown in this volume as in almost any of its author's productions. But it is here that we discover, even more than in most of his publications, the secret of his peculiar way of writing.

Jerrold began as a dramatist—as a hard-working dramatist,—who undertook for a salary to produce plays as fast as they were wanted, for a transpontine establishment, in the days of rough-and-ready stage government. His first laborious experiences as a writer were in the production of pieces in which action was the predominant element, mottled over with the light and shade of broad humour, and no less broad pathos, the scenes being filled in with a dialogue of corresponding variety. It might be supposed that this kind of training would generate a loose and disorderly style of expression. Quite the contrary. Dramatic language, if we may employ such a phrase, is an art in itself. There must be packed into such pieces as we have described an infinite deal of rubbish, so far as sentiment, truth, and common-sense are concerned, and the best of them, as literary exercises, will not bear the test of perusal. We are speaking of them not in this point of view, but merely as vehicles of dialogue, without reference to the quality of the matter. It is obvious that where the movement of the play is paramount to everything else, there cannot be much room for making fine speeches. The talk must be done within the narrowest compass consistent with clearness, and it must keep close to the actual business going forward. The first lesson, then, that the incipient dramatist learns is the art of suppression—a wholesome lesson in all crafts, and one which, in this particular craft, brings several hardly less useful correlative lessons in its train. He learns generally the absolute necessity of keeping within certain limits; of resisting all temptations to indulge in displays of eloquence that might disturb the equilibrium of the

* The Brownrigg Papers. By Douglas Jerrold. London: J. C. Hotten.

plot; and, being thus restricted in what he is to say, of condensing what he says into the fewest possible number of words. He finds out practically the profound meaning of the Shaksperian saw, that "brevity is the soul of wit;" and in the progress to this discovery he insensibly acquires a method of presenting his ideas with a degree of pungency and force unknown to him when he began. This is what may be called dramatic language. Not only is every superfluous word weeded out, but the structure of the sentence is framed with a view to get at the result by the shortest route. Every mode of expression that does not convey its intention instantaneously is avoided. The habit of mind which is generated by the practice of this kind of writing drops unconsciously upon the key-words of a sentence, and comes at length to cast its ideas intuitively in this form. The ear of an audience must be carried at once, or all is lost. There is no possibility of remedying a blunder, no going back to clear up an obscurity, no time for reflection; the language of the dramatist must be explicit, decisive, and brief. To accomplish his ends he cultivates assiduously all the figures of composition adapted to his purpose. No man knows so well as the dramatist the value of descending swiftly upon his climax, and nursing it up for his last word, so that it shall not be anticipated by the audience, and the laugh come before its time. He is equally dexterous and cunning in the use of the antithesis, the most important of all devices in the architecture of stage dialogue. Sometimes these resources are rather overwrought, as in Holcroft's "Road to Ruin," where the dialogue is the subtlest extract of expression, and in Sheridan's comedies, where the artifice of the writing is perpetually peeping out. As an instance of the extremity to which Sheridan carried his balance of sound in the formation of an antithesis, take the famous speech of Charles Surface to Sir Oliver. "Mr. Premium, the plain state of the matter is this: I am an extravagant young fellow, who wants money to borrow; you I take to be a prudent old fellow, who has money to lend. I am blockhead enough to give fifty per cent. sooner than not have it; and you, I presume, are rogue enough to take a hundred, if you can get it."

To the early study of this art of concise expression, of giving the pith and purpose of a sentence the necessary incisive effect, we apprehend Douglas Jerrold owed not only much of his literary success, but of the kind of success he achieved. In the volume before us we have innumerable examples of the stage habit coming into play in print, where writers who are not dramatists would consider it out of place. One or two instances will abundantly illustrate what we mean.

Here is a reverend doctor, in the country, writing to his former pupil, who has sunk his whole fortune, at the doctor's instigation, in the purchase of the appointment of gentleman-at-arms, which the doctor considers a military position of high mark.

"I cannot disguise to myself (writes the doctor) the pleasing fact, that it was I who fanned within your youthful breast the warlike spark with which the indomitable Mars has endowed you. Yes; and, whatever may befall, I will not shrink from the confession, it was I who, remembering your baby passion for scarlet morocco shoes, predicted your martial propensities; it was I who, anxiously watching the growing development of that preference, prophesied that there was something in it more than leather."

The passage is more expanded than it would have been had it been written for delivery from the stage; but the *matériel*, and the manner of marshalling the points, are entirely in the dramatic spirit, down to the telling climax on the word "leather." Nothing can be more unlike probability than that such a passage should occur in a letter from a tutor to his pupil; and nothing can be more consistent with the extravagant and preposterous humour of a farce. The misuse of the means only shows in what groove the fancy of the writer was most accustomed to run.

Jerrold might have thrown off in conversation, as he did a thousand better things, the following joke on a cold-blooded journal that never praised anything:—

"It is a positive fact that, even at Midsummer, the printers' devils, when the 'wet blanket' is 'got up,' save the copy, and, laying it upon the floor, skate over it."

In a more serious vein, but still rising up to its epigrammatic close, is what he says about Wieland, the famous actor of stage devils:—

"It is to be regretted that he ever

"To the playhouse gave up what was meant for mankind."

"It is, and must ever be, a matter of sorrow, not only to his best wishers, but to the friends of the world at large, that those high qualifications, those surpassing powers of diabolic phlegm, vivacity, and impudence, which have made Mr. Wieland's devils the *beau idéal* of the infernal, had not been suffered to ripen in the genial climate of diplomacy."

The line above cited was a favourite quotation with Jerrold. He once applied it much more felicitously to poor Laman Blanchard, who at that time used to go out a great deal into society. Blanchard, said Jerrold,

"To parties gave up what was meant for mankind."

FRENCH LITERATURE AND RUSSIAN LITERARY SCANDAL.

If the French differ widely in politics, manners, and customs, from the English, there is, at least, one field in which they have worked in common—the Epics of the Middle Ages, and in particular the traditions concerning King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.*

For the space of three or four centuries, Charlemagne and the adventures of King Arthur have been a favourite theme among poets, and one on which they have indulged the full powers of their imagination, and the whole range of their poetical fancies.

But although it is clear, at first sight, that the various legends of King Arthur and his companions owe their origin to Great Britain, and particularly to Wales, the French writers, with that absorbing spirit of appropriation which characterizes them, have long maintained that this romantic history emanated from the brains of French poets.

In vain has Walter Scott asserted facts in favour of a Welsh origin; in vain has a learned Frenchman, better informed than his countrymen, affirmed that this legend was the most ancient and the least contestable

tradition of the Anglo-Britons,—the French would not yield their claim, and Raynouard, Daunon, Fauriel, and others, still denied that this epic owed its origin to the Cambrians, and all this despite the old and wellknown historical romance, or romantic history of Geoffrey of Monmouth—GALFRIDUS MONUMETENSIS.

It is curious that the German critics, W. Schlegel, Gervinus, and Wilmar, concurred in this opinion with the French.

The author of the work we are reviewing, well acquainted with the languages of Wales and French Brittany, examined carefully the Welsh sources, and has proved most satisfactorily the Celtic origin of the history of King Arthur.

Foreign philology is generally a difficult study for the French, as they are not so well versed in languages as the Northern nations; but lately great progress has been made, and M. Hersart de la Villemarqué has shown himself perfectly acquainted with the curious subject he examines. The Welsh author, Owen, was one of the first in the *Cambrian Register* and the *Cambrian Magazine*, to give a translation of some of the legendary tales, romances of the Welsh Britons. Lady Charlotte Guest, making use of the same manuscript at the beginning of the fourteenth century which had been previously examined by Owen, in Jesus College, Oxford, published the wellknown "Mabinogian," wherein the manners, customs, ideas, and traditions are evidently all belonging to the old Welsh or Celtic literature.

The authenticity of these legendary traditions cannot be doubted, as they are attested from the beginning of the twelfth century by irrefutable witnesses. The Welsh bishop, Gerald de Barry (the famous GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS) mentions these tales as being written, even at that time, in the language of the country; "Cambrice scriptan in libris eorum antiquis et authenticis." Marie de France not only confirms this, but quotes the library in Wales where she found the originals of these legends; it was in the wellknown monastery of St. Aaron, in the town of Carleon, Glamorganshire. But even had they not been mentioned at so early a date, it would be sufficient to compare them with the oldest French tales, to demonstrate that they are much anterior to these. The legend of King Arthur, the starting point of all the romances of the Round Table, was first put into French verse by Robert Wace, in 1155. At the same period appeared another version in prose, by Elie de Borron and Rusticien of Pisa. Since then it has been amplified and paraphrased in all the languages of Europe.

M. de Villemarqué proves, by comparing all the principal characters in King Arthur's history in the Welsh and in the French tradition, that long before 1155 the Cambrian bards had made this legend popular.

In "Myvyrian" (Archæology of Wales), Fariesin, one of the bards, is represented in the seventh or eighth century, as being the author of a poem wherein King Arthur already appears as the hero. It is well known, moreover, that centuries before the French *trouvères* and *troubadours* language had been formed out of corrupt Latin, the Armoricans of Gaul and the Britons of Albion had a national idiom and a national popular poetry.

It is very curious and interesting to observe in M. de Villemarqué's book the comparison he draws between the various characters of King Arthur's story, according to their Welsh or French origin. One of the principal heroines, Genevra, or Gwennivar, wife of the king, is, curiously enough, represented by both nations as quarrelsome, haughty, and very unamiable, although beautiful.

In the "Myvyrian" quoted before, there is a remarkable dialogue between the Queen and Arthur, written in the tenth century, wherein the former makes a point of sneering at everything the King says, and of contradicting him on every question, which is far from characteristic of the tender, loving Genevra whom we have been in the habit of picturing to ourselves.

Arthur, on his side, appears under two different aspects. As late as the year 898, the Cambrian monk Nennius, who affirms that he has consulted the ancient traditions of the Britons, describes him as the son of "Uther with the Dragon's Head," the invincible warrior, but somewhat Pagan in his ideas; while a little later he is represented as a Christian hero, who, predecessor of Godfrey of Bouillon, visits the Holy Sepulchre.

M. de Villemarqué renders the perusal of all these different traditions very attractive, by long quotations from the various original works, so that the history of the principal personages of the mythological as well as of the poetical tradition relating to King Arthur, is passed in review, and gives us complete information upon every subject connected with them. The chapters on Merlin and Vivien, on Lancelot and Genevra, on Tristan and Iselt, are especially interesting, and no doubt an English translation of this work would be very acceptable to the general reader, and might even elicit some new information on the popular subject of King Arthur and his court.

Prince Pierre Dolgoroukou, who published, some months ago, a book called "The Truth on Russia,"* a book which gave great offence to the Czar, has recently printed in London a pamphlet of sixteen pages, which reveals many curious facts, and wherein he announces the publication of other works likely to be highly exciting to public curiosity.

This correspondence contains a letter from the Prince to Count Kisselev, the Russian ambassador in Paris, who had requested him to answer three questions:—1. If the prince objected to withdraw his work, "The Truth on Russia," from public circulation? 2. If he objected to leave Paris? 3. If he still considered himself a Russian subject? The prince replies that he neither intends to withdraw his work, nor to leave Paris, and answers in the affirmative on the last point. After having given his reasons for so doing, he announces, moreover, to Count Kisselev, his intention of publishing, as soon as convenient:—1. The History of Russia from 1847 to 1859; 2. Memoirs on Russia from 1632 to 1834; 3. A Biographical and Genealogical Dictionary of the Russian Families; and lastly, his personal memoirs, which he began in 1834, and which escaped the vigilance of the police, who, in 1843, seized all his papers.

Such a list of books from the pen of a man like Prince Dolgoroukou, promises a fine field of scandal concerning Russia and the Russians. There has also been an exchange of letters between him and the Russian consul-general in London, who, according to the instructions he had received from the emperor, invited the prince to return immediately to Russia. The latter

* Les Romans de la Table Ronde et les Contes des Anciens Bretons. Par M. le Vicomte Hersart de la Villemarqué. Paris: Didier et Co, 1860.

* Correspondance du Prince Pierre Dolgoroukou avec le Gouvernement Russe. In 24mo. 1860.

refuses peremptorily to obey, in a style somewhat sharp, but quite to the purpose. "To suppose," says he, "that I could obey such an injunction, is to take me for a fool; my bitterest enemies have never denied me a certain amount of sense, and it is clear that a man at my age (43), who is not an idiot (*un sot*), must have taken proper precautions to secure for himself an independent livelihood, free from the clutches of despotism."

The public may, then, shortly expect some curious revelations on the court, government, and nobility of Russia, whose doings, hitherto, owing to the severe restrictions on the press, have been shrouded in mystery.

LET THE DONKEYS BRAY!

When Goggle, self-styled "man of men,"
Abuses all who wield the pen,
And evermore with clamours loud,
Reviles the literary crowd,
And hunts for faults with greedy looks,
In lives of authors or their books;
What shall poor Goggle's listeners say?—
The man's a donkey—let him bray!

When Snivel, every Sunday morn,
Holds good and pious men to scorn,
And in his pulpit stamps and raves,
To damn the souls that Mercy saves,
And shuts with groans the gates of heaven,
On his opponents unforgiven,—
Why vex our hearts, 'tis Snivel's way—
The man's a donkey,—let him bray!

When Snarley pleads the murderer's cause,
And murderer's money oils his jaws,—
Though to his private ear, well-fee'd,
The wretch confessed his guilty deed,—
And calls on Heaven, with sob and cry,
To bear him witness to a lie;
What shall the outraged public say:—
The man's a donkey,—let him bray!

When Cleaver prates the livelong night,
At vestry-boards on wrong and right,—
Proclaims himself, with solemn nod,
The pauper's friend—the parish god,
And says no man, whoe'er he be,
Can regulate the world but he,—
Let no one answer Cleaver "Nay":—
The man's a donkey,—let him bray!

When Abel Dodger hastens down,
To bribe the men of Rotten-town,
And talks bad grammar void of nous,
To show his fitness for the house;
Hints that he writes and reasons well,
Although the dunce can hardly spell;
What shall we think—what shall we say?—
The man's a donkey,—let him bray!

When Garble, with important look,
Talks of his paste-and-scissors book,
Defies the critics of the age,
Who will not read the sparkling page,
And proves that Government, if wise,
Would pension merit ere it dies;
Shall we our pitying scorn betray?—
The man's a donkey,—let him bray!

VOLUNTEER RIFLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.—A new movement on the part of the English public has brought forth a new publication. The formation of the Volunteer Rifle Corps has been followed by the establishment of *The Volunteer Rifleman's Magazine*, with the intention of recording the proceedings of the Volunteers in all parts of the empire where a corps is established. By means of this new publication can be ascertained the names of the officers of the different corps, the strength of each corps, and what is doing during the preceding month; what efforts are put forth to render each corps more perfect, and to place on record the advances made by distinct bodies or particular individuals in becoming first-rate shots. We wish success to the new undertaking, and trust it may meet with support, not only from the Volunteers but the public generally.

COLPORTAGE.—One of the means by which literature is made known throughout France is by the agency of hawkers or pedlars—"colporteurs." Hitherto, these humble pioneers at the foot of Parnassus have been doing a great deal of mischief, for they have been conveying to the most distant hamlets and most obscure abodes of the empire, all the printed filth which the Paris press had been publishing; and this, notwithstanding the Government had the power of restricting its circulation, by refusing to impose its official stamp, without which neither pamphlet nor printed sheet could be sold to the public. The evil of the scandalous publications has become intolerable. It was resolved to put down all these publications—scandalous on account of the immorality they portrayed, or the unchristian principles they inculcated. The intention was good, but to show how clumsily it has been acted upon, it is positively asserted by the *Courier du Dimanche*, that the government officials have prevented, lately, not only the sale of one of Thackeray's works at the railway stations, but the same restriction has been imposed on the translated writings of Macaulay.

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